

Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.

PUBLISHED BY
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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1844, and is the oldest newspaper in the city. It is published daily except on Sundays and public holidays. The paper is published by the Sanborn family, and is one of the most popular and influential newspapers in the city.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT MERCURY HALL, formerly the residence of Mr. J. P. Sanborn, is now occupied by the following societies: The Newport Chapter of the B. P. O. E. occupies the first floor, and the Newport Chapter of the I. O. O. F. occupies the second floor. The hall is a fine building, and is well equipped for the use of the societies.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen had a long and busy session on Thursday evening, when many matters of importance were disposed of. There was a misunderstanding in regard to purchasing supplies for the fire department that gave ground for some talk but that was soon straightened out. The resolution adopted by the board at a previous meeting called for a committee of the aldermen to make the purchases, and this was resented by the board of firewards who felt that they were being over ridden. The resolution was amended by directing the committee to confer with the board of firewards, the actual purchasing to be done by the board of aldermen.

The committee on widening Third street struck something of a snag in the price put upon the land to be taken from Cloyne School. Dr. Huntington had given his price as \$7000, and apparently had no hesitation in avowing himself as out of sympathy with the movement for a sewer to serve the Gum Factory. He intimated before the board that he would have fixed a lower price for a project with which he was in sympathy. It seemed to the board that it would be necessary to condemn the land.

The specifications for the bids for the incandescent gas light contract were looked over and approved, and the city clerk was given authority to advertise for bids. The contract for furnishing and carting crushed stone went to J. J. Dugan at \$1.35 per ton, and for repairs in certain city offices to J. B. F. Smith & Co.

The committee on addition to the Coggeshall school reported at some length, and the city clerk was authorized to advertise for bids for erecting the addition. A communication was read to Chief Kirwin from the real estate committee of the Newport Hospital requesting the removal of the building used as a powder house from the Hazard lands, on account of the publicity that had been given to the subject. The street commissioner was given permission to sell two horses. Several minor licenses were granted, and much routine business was transacted.

The Town of Jamestown is to have free delivery of a limited sort, beginning May 1st. This will be instituted by the Post-office Department as an experiment, Jamestown being a prosperous resort with a large summer population which will be greatly benefited by free delivery. If successful here it will probably be tried out at other similar places. The free delivery will only include the settled portion of the town, in what are now the limits for special delivery.

Mr. James S. Ramlose is tearing down the old building at the corner of Thames and Bridge streets, where his shoe shop has been located for many years, and will erect thereon a substantial structure of re-inforced concrete.

Car Barn Robber Extradited.

The last of the Portsmouth car barn robbery, who was sentenced under the name of Arthur G. Webster alias, but who was known in the West as William G. Knight, has left Rhode Island and is now in St. Louis where an indictment has been hanging over him on a charge of murdering a policeman some seventeen years ago. Webster was pardoned by Governor Pothier for his part in the car barn robbery a couple of weeks ago, and the Missouri authorities were notified by private parties of his pardon. Word was immediately received to hold him until he could be sent for to answer to the old indictment, and on Monday the extradition papers were granted to the two St. Louis officers who came for him and he started back to that city to await trial. As the affair occurred so many years ago, it is generally regarded as extremely doubtful if he can be convicted at this late date. Governor Pothier has been informed that an excellent position awaits Webster if he is allowed to return to Providence.

The capture, sensational escape and recapture of the Portsmouth car barn robbery is well remembered in Newport. While behind the bars of the County Jail on Marlboro street, while Hugh N. Clifford was the keeper, they made a desperate effort to break jail and succeeded in getting clear of the city limits. A pursuit was at once organized and they were recaptured by the city police in a few hours without bloodshed, although they were known to be desperate men and well armed. All received long sentences, but death and pardons have now removed them all from the State prison.

P. H. Horgan Wins City Suit.

An opinion of the Supreme Court written by Judge Vincent and handed down on Wednesday directs that judgment shall be entered against John M. Taylor, City Treasurer of Newport, for \$957.83, with interest, in the suit brought by Patrick H. Horgan of this city to recover that sum, which was paid by Mr. Horgan for taxes covering the years of 1906 and 1907.

The court holds that the taxes in this city were illegally assessed for these two years by reason of the inefficiency of the notices published by the assessors. In none of these notices, the court says, was there any specified date fixed for the valuation of the property of the taxpayers.

Referring to and quoting the court's opinion in Matteson vs. Warwick and Coventry Water Company, to the effect that "the time for rendering an account must follow the day and hour established for the valuation and ownership of the ratable estate of the taxpayer, in order that he may be able to render a true and exact account thereof as required by statute," Judge Vincent goes on to say, "there being no time specified as the time of valuation and ownership, the assessment must be deemed to have been made on the day following the last date on which the taxpayers were notified to bring in an account of their ratable estate under the ruling of this court in McAdams vs. Hony."

"Applying this rule to the case at bar we find that the assessments for the years 1906 and 1907 were made on June 2 and March 23, respectively. In both years, therefore, the time fixed within which taxpayers might file an account of their ratable property was prior to the day when the valuation and ownership was determined."

It appeared that Mr. Horgan made no formal protest when he paid his taxes, but the collector had levied upon the property in 1910 and had advertised it for sale. The money was paid to prevent such sale. The court held that the payment under such conditions would be a payment under compulsion and that the addition of a protest, at the time of payment, would in no way strengthen the plaintiff's right to recover.

Mrs. Oliver Hazard Perry's Estate.

Mrs. Maria Moore Perry, who was the widow of Oliver Hazard Perry, grandson of Commodore Perry of Lake Erie fame, left an estate valued at \$308,320, according to affidavits filed with the Transfer Tax Appraiser of Queens County, N. Y. Included in the estate is an old-fashioned farmhouse in Elmhurst once occupied by Dr. Clement Moore, who wrote "The Night Before Christmas." Mrs. Perry was a relative of Moore. The old homestead is one of the show places of Elmhurst.

Mr. Perry died in Elmhurst on April 11, 1913, leaving his entire estate to his wife, who survived him only two weeks. She left personal property valued at \$51,887.71, the interest in her husband's estate valued at \$76,988.46, and real estate valued at \$179,513, which includes the old Moore homestead, which is valued at \$56,000.

Eighty-Seventh Mile Stone.

Rear Admiral S. B. Luce observes his birthday and receives many hearty congratulations.



REAR ADMIRAL S. B. LUCE, U. S. N. (retired.)

very good health and is frequently seen in the business section of the city. He has lost none of his interest for the navy or for the city of Newport, and is ready at all times to lend every aid in his power for the betterment of either. Admiral Luce was officially retired from the active list of the navy twenty five years ago, when he was at the very height of his power. His services were so valuable, however, that he has since been given special duty at various times, and even up to the present time he has frequently been called upon for advice and suggestions for the bettering of the navy. A man of pronounced opinions, as fearless in his battles for the development of the Navy as in the physical struggle of war, he yet possesses the happy faculty of presenting his arguments in a manner that does not arouse antagonism even in the most hostile opponent. He has taken an active part in the settlement of some of the great questions that have agitated the Navy Department, and his advice and opinion have always carried great weight.

The career of Admiral Luce has been a most honorable one. Joining the Navy at a time when our best ships were but clumsy wooden frigates, he has seen our Navy grow to a position of power in the world, and has been able to play an important part in the development. It is, however, probably to the matter of personnel that Admiral Luce has devoted his greatest efforts. The problems of equipment were apparently meeting with adequate solution, but Admiral Luce saw that with more powerful guns, swifter ships, and more complicated problems of warfare generally, it would be a matter of the highest importance to have officers trained in the science of modern war. The outcome of his study was the establishment of the Naval War College on Coasters Harbor Island, of which he has long been known as the father. In a way the War College will be his monument, and yet it would be grossly unfair to Admiral Luce to consider this as even a tithe of his accomplishment. The Training Station, to breed up the men to handle the guns, even as the War College should train the men to command them, was largely the result of plans and suggestions of Admiral Luce. Nor has he allowed the matter to drop with the establishment of the War College and the Training Station. The War College gave but a summer course in tactical matters, but Admiral Luce felt that that was entirely insufficient for the training of officers to command a fleet in actual warfare. He persisted, in his quiet and friendly way, until he succeeded in having a permanent class at the College.

The active career of Admiral Luce in the Navy terminated so long ago that few of the present generation can recall the days when he trod the quarter deck, and yet his record is one to be proud of. Almost his first voyage was on an expedition that made history, for he accompanied Commodore Biddle on his trip to Japan, communication being established with the hidden powers of that country and the way being paved for the subsequent visit of Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry of Newport and the opening up of the ports of Japan to the commerce of the world. Admiral Luce was a midshipman on the Columbus on that voyage, and the writer of this article has heard him recount the stirring incidents of that epoch-making trip, but only when he had been importuned until he could hardly refuse. Admiral Luce does

not like to talk about himself nor his accomplishments, and could never be persuaded to write a volume of memoirs, although such a book would prove of surpassing interest and value. Admiral Luce saw active service in actual battle during the Civil War and conducted himself in the most creditable manner. He was in command of several different vessels during that long struggle, and at the close of the war had become an officer of marked prominence. He was detailed as instructor at various places at subsequent times, but always had his share of sea duty, being at the time of his retirement the commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic fleet.

It would be very difficult indeed to attempt to estimate the value of Admiral Luce to the welfare of the city of Newport. Not only was he largely instrumental in bringing to Newport, and afterward retaining here, both the War College and the Training Station, but he has been the steadiest and most consistent worker for the establishment of a great naval station in Narragansett Bay. His great reason for advocating the naval station, however, is not primarily the benefit of the city of Newport even though he is a great lover of Newport, but it is because he believes that the best interests of the United States Navy would be advanced by establishing here the great station for the North Atlantic coast. For first, last and all the time, Admiral Luce is an officer of the United States Navy. May he have many happy returns of the day, and may he live to see his dream of a great naval station in Narragansett Bay become a substantial reality as the Naval War College and the Training Station, the wish of thousands of warm personal friends.

Recent Deaths.

Thomas A. Lawton.

The many friends of Mr. Thomas A. Lawton were greatly shocked to learn of his sudden death last Sunday evening, following a day of apparently perfect health. He had been out to walk in the afternoon as was his usual custom, and had settled down at home for a quiet Sunday evening. A woodfire was burning in the open fireplace and Mr. Lawton went to get some wood to put on it. As he returned he fell to the floor, and life was extinct when help reached him. Physicians were summoned immediately but there was nothing that could be done. Mrs. Lawton was greatly affected by the sudden death.

Mr. Lawton was a well known resident of Newport, where he had passed his entire life. He was a son of the late William H. and Charlotte Amelia (Tilley) Lawton, and was born in Newport some sixty-one years ago. While still a boy he entered the Savings Bank of Newport as a clerk, and his connection with that institution continued until his death, although he had ceased to be a salaried employe some years ago. He had become assistant treasurer at the time of his retirement in 1887, and a few years later he was elected a member of the board of trustees. He devoted a great deal of his time to the affairs of the bank and was counted as a valuable addition to the board. He was also a director of the Newport Trust Company and of the Newport Gas Light Company, and took an active part in settling up the affairs of the large estate left by the late Alfred Smith.

Mr. Lawton was twice married, his first wife having been Mary, daughter of the late Alfred Smith, who died a number of years ago. A few years ago he married Mrs. Ida Robinson, who survives him. He also leaves one brother, City Engineer William H. Lawton, and one sister, Mrs. B. B. H. Sherman. Mr. Lawton was particularly fond of outdoor life, and enjoyed long walks in the country. He had developed a beautiful home on Broadway, having added largely to the original grounds by purchasing a number of adjoining estates. He took a great pride in his garden, and spent much of his time among the fruits and flowers.

It was formerly the custom of Mr. and Mrs. Lawton to spend the entire winter in Florida, but they recently disposed of their cottage there, and had spent only a few weeks in the South, taking apartments at a hotel. They had returned to Newport only a short time before Mr. Lawton's death.

Mr. Henry Hess has sailed for his old home in Germany where he expects to make his residence in the future. He has disposed of his stock in the Hess Company of this city, and the business will now be carried on by Louis Hess and his son, the corporation having been formally dissolved by the Superior Court a short time ago, and a new partnership having been formed.

Newport had a lively snow storm last Sunday, several inches of snow falling during the day. It was very light and disappeared rapidly the next day under the influence of a warm sun. Since then the weather has seemed more like spring than at any previous time.

Island Cemetery Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Island Cemetery Corporation was held on Monday evening at the Newport National Bank, President John M. Taylor presiding. The retiring members of the board of trustees, James S. Hazard, Daniel B. Peering and Thomas P. Peckham, were re-elected.

The report of President Taylor paid a high tribute to the late Hon. Robert S. Franklin, for twelve years president of the company, and for thirty years a trustee. The report of Treasurer William Stevens showed the company to be in a satisfactory financial condition with a balance of \$1,658.39 to the new account.

The annual report of Superintendent Andrew K. McMahon was as follows: The general care of the cemetery is practically the same every year. The grass is mowed regularly, improvements are being made from time to time, the avenues are repaired every spring and kept in good order. Catch basins are kept clean and repaired when needed. New gutters have been built and paved. The avenues are in better condition than usual; this is a work that requires constant labor, as about one third of the cemetery is laid out in avenues.

A new five-foot fence has been built on the line between the old cemetery and the island, from Warner street to Farwell street, the city paying one half the cost. The border on the line of the new fence has been filled in, graded and seeded. Twenty-nine lots have been regrated and seeded, many sunken graves remade and old stones re-set. During the season there is always something to do in repaving lots. Last summer about 1,000 feet of border were graded and re-seeded. Twenty-headstones have been built. Seventy-five foundations for monuments and five interments were made during the year, the smallest number in any year since 1884. A special police has been employed during the last year, who is on duty part of every day and evening, which adds greatly to the security of the grounds.

In closing my thirtieth year as superintendent, I wish to call your attention to some of the improvements that have been made during that time:

First—Removing the old stone wall on Van Zandt avenue and building a picket fence from Warner street to the Old Cemetery on Farwell street.

Second—Adding what is now the new section to the cemetery, planting, grading and seeding, making new avenues and draining the same. Of this section more than three quarters has been sold. An additional piece was added last year, planted, graded and seeded and new avenue made.

Third—A beautiful chapel was erected by the late Mrs. August Belmont, which is a great convenience.

Fourth—A new iron fence and gateway, replacing the old wooden fence, on Warner street front.

Fifth—A new receiving tomb, built, and the old tombs, including the Gillitt vault, were torn down.

I entered on my duties as superintendent May 1, 1884. At that time there were no accommodations for the superintendent. If he was wanted a bell was rung, which was fastened to a pole near where the receiving tomb now stands. There was no correct list of burials kept. Since then a regular list has been kept and recorded, and I find that 2,968 interments have been made in the island cemetery to date.

Of the gentlemen who composed the board of trustees May 1, 1884, all have passed to the great beyond. In that time three presidents, Mr. Henry Bull, Mr. William B. Sherman and the late Hon. Robert S. Franklin, have passed away. Also Mr. Henry C. Stevens, treasurer, who served more years on the board than any other man. Since the cemetery was incorporated my association with these gentlemen, as well as the present board, has been very pleasant, and I want to thank you, gentlemen, for the hearty support you have given me.

Respectfully submitted
Andrew K. McMahon.

Expenses of Portsmouth Bridge.

The State Board of Public Utilities gave a hearing at the State House in Providence Monday on the appropriation of the expenses of the "Little Bridge" in Portsmouth. This is crossed by the Newport & Fall River street railroad, and under the provisions of section 3, chapter 846, of the Public Laws of 1912, the Utilities Commission must determine what proportionate share of the expense it must bear. The total cost of the work is \$3,430.23, and of this amount it is figured that \$883.77 must be paid by the railway company.

Clarence J. Hussey, an engineer employed by the state, explained the construction work to the commission. The state concluded the presentation of its side of the case and the commission continued the hearing until Thursday, when the railway representative was heard.

Mr. William R. Harvey of Sheffield & Harvey represented the railroad company at the hearing.

At the meeting of the park commission on Tuesday, the contract for the care of the city parks was again awarded to Oscar Schultz, the price being \$3,975. The contract was placed without competition on the advice of the city solicitor that this could be legally done.

St. George's School has closed for the Easter vacation, and the boys will return about the middle of April.

Killed by Flobert Rifle.

A fifteen year old boy, James Sullivan of 16 Callendar avenue, accidentally shot and killed himself with a Flobert rifle in the "swamp" not far from the Bellevue laundry on Wednesday. Exactly how the accident occurred could not be learned as his comrades did not see the shooting and were really too excited to know positively what had happened.

In company with Philip Fitzgerald and Edward Suggs, the latter colored, boys of about his own age, Sullivan took his small rifle and went into the swamp. After firing at various objects, each using the rifle in turn, there seems to have been some fooling, the two survivors saying that Sullivan pointed the rifle at them. They ran away, and a few moments later heard a shot and saw Sullivan lying on the ground. They went to the laundry not far away and summoned help. James Fisher picked the boy up and carried him to the nearest house but life was extinct when he reached there.

The police were notified and the ambulance, patrol wagon, and several physicians were sent to the scene. After questioning the two survivors boys very carefully and looking over the ground with much care the police came to the conclusion that the shooting was entirely accidental.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

For the first time since January the vested choir and students from St. George's School were in attendance at the morning service at the Borkley Memorial Chapel on Sunday.

As the school closed on Wednesday for the spring vacation, the vested choir will not be heard again until April 12, school reopening the 7th of April.

The farmers are now carting seed potatoes although another consignment of fertilizer is expected next week.

Wm. Clarence Peckham who has been spending some weeks at Eastville, Florida, returned home last week. His trip was much shorter than usual.

Mrs. Ida M. Brown conducted an interesting meeting on "Korea" at the Friday evening Epworth League cottage service at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Millard F. Smith. Various members presented extracts and Rev. Mr. Wells gave a graphic story of one of its most highly educated teachers, Yung Chai Ho, who is at present unjustly imprisoned by the Japanese. The meetings for two weeks will be omitted owing to the absence of the pastor.

Rev. J. P. Conover, one of the instructors at St. Paul's School Concord, N. H., with friends and students, has been spending a part of his spring vacation at the Colt Cottage which he and his family occupy summers.

The well known twin brothers, Alden P. Barker and Ashton C. Barker observed on Monday, their 60th birthdays. A family gathering was held throughout the day at Mr. Ashton Barker's home.

Senator Joel Peckham has been troubled the past week with a recurrence of the same trouble with his eyes which attacked him last year, only in milder form. Mrs. Peckham has also been housed with the Grippe.

Lumber is being carted from Humphrey's lumber yard, Tiverton, to the Prof. John T. Huntington place, Indian avenue, and work will soon be commenced upon a house to replace the one recently burned. A number of the cement piers must be replaced and portions of, if not the greater part of, the big stone chimney rebuilt as the fierce fire seemed to kill the concrete used in their construction.

Miss Ardelia Peckham, a student at the Cambridge Sargent School for Physical Culture, is spending a week's vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham.

The nine new telephone poles which have been set the past week on Honeyman Hill are much larger than the old ones which occupy the higher bank, and from their close proximity to the road seem to narrow the highway. The wires have not yet been changed.

In the death on Wednesday of Mr. John Caswell, in his 82d year, a widely known, although quiet and unassuming citizen, has passed away. With the exception of brief intervals, his entire life had been passed in Middletown. In 1845 he came to live at what is now known as Sunnyside Farm which was built and then owned by his grandfather, Robert B. Caswell. Here he resided until 1883, and in the meantime married on Dec. 9, 1855, Sarah H. Bachelier of Newport. There were seven children by the union, three of whom are now living, William B. Caswell of Newport, Miss Annie Caswell, a prominent 9th grade teacher in Newport, and Arthur G. Caswell, who resides at home. The grandchildren are Mrs. Alvin Simmons of Middletown and William B. Caswell Jr., of New York, and there are three great-grandchildren.

THE Ne'er-Do-Well

By
REX BEACH

Author of
"The Spoilers," "The Barrier,"
"The Silver Horde," Etc.

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CHAPTER XIII. "8838."

FOR a few days after this conversation the monster of transportation was in doubt as to what course he should pursue. In the end he did nothing, and the letter from St. Louis was permanently filed away. There were several reasons for this action. For one thing, he was a salaried man and could not afford to lose his job. What induced him most, however, was his genuine liking for Anthony.

The first thing Kirk did when pay day came was to inclose the greater part of his salary in an envelope and send it to John Weeks, with a note explaining that he had withheld only enough for his own actual needs, and promising to continue reducing his indebtedness by a like amount monthly. He was surprised beyond measure to have the remittance promptly returned. "The brief letter that accompanied it brought him a flash of discomfort. What the deuce had made Mrs. Cortlandt do that? For a time he was undecided whether to be offended at her conduct or gratified, and he had not settled the matter to his satisfaction when he called upon her that evening.

"Weeks wrote me you had squared my account with him," he said awkwardly. "I'm tremendously obliged, of course, and—I'll give this to you instead of him." He inclosed her the envelope with his pay check.

"Don't be silly, Kirk," she said in a whisper of soft tones. "I didn't wish Weeks to have any opportunity to talk. You need this money and I don't."

"Perhaps I should have offered it to Mr. Cortlandt."

"Stephen knows nothing about the Weeks affair. If you choose to regard my little favor as a debt, however, please let it run on until you are better able to pay."

But Anthony remained inflexible, and at last she accepted his proffer with some impatience.

"You are the most foolish person I ever knew," she remarked. "You have the most disappointing way of receiving favors. I had a decent position for you, but you would go to collecting fares. I hope you have had enough of it by now and are ready to take something worth while."

"Not until it comes naturally. No hop, skip and jump for mine."

With a sigh, "It is terribly dull for me here at present," she said. "Mr. Cortlandt is very busy; I have no one to talk to, no one to amuse me. Why, I've scarcely seen you since you went to work. Will you come to the dance tomorrow night?"

He shook his head.

"The music is good. You will meet some nice people. If you remember, one of your qualifications for a position was that you are a good waiter."

"I can't mingle with the 'quality,'" he said. "This is an invitation."

"I've learned something about canal conditions. What would people say if Mrs. Stephen Cortlandt were seen dancing with the new collector of No. 27? Besides, to tell the sordid truth, I haven't any clothes."

Edith silently extended the envelope in her hand, but he laughed.

"Perhaps I'll come to the next dance. I'll be rich then. See! He showed her a long slip of paper consisting of five coupons, each numbered "8838."

"Lottery tickets!"

He nodded. "Allan had a very particular dream about the number 8, so I invested \$5 'silver' on his hunch. It's the number of my automobile license." Kirk smiled at the memory of his new French car. "You don't object to such gambling?"

"Hardly," laughed Edith, "when I have a ticket for the same drawing. Every one does it, you know."

"If I win the capital prize I'll come to the next party and claim all the dances you will allow me. The drawing comes off next Sunday, and it happens that I've been shifted to No. 6 for a few trips, so I'll have a chance to see the fun."

Inasmuch as No. 6 did not leave until 1 o'clock on Sunday, he had ample time in which to witness the lottery drawing, a thing he had been curious to see since he had first heard of it. This form of gambling was well recognized, it seemed; not only the natives, but all classes of canal zone workers, engaged in it freely. The drawings were conducted under rigid government supervision.

Allan, easily excited, was, of course, waiting to accompany him.

"Oh, boss," exclaimed the negro, "I feel that we shall experience good fortune today!"

"Did you buy a ticket?"

"No, sir; I blasted all my monies traveling on those railroad trains."

"Now see how foolish you are. If you'd stayed at home you might have bought the winning number today."

"I prefer to accompany you. But I have been thinking to make you a proposition of partnership. Master E. Anthony, I will stay home and dream numbers, which you can purchase with your salary. In that manner we shall certainly burst this lottery. I do not desire the profits, how-

ever, for being partners with you. I would like you to have plenty of monies, that is all. I love you, sir."

"Don't! You embarrass me."

The drawing, which was for a capital prize of \$15,000 ("silver"), had drawn a larger crowd than usual, and when the two reached Cathedral square they found the lottery building and plaza thronged to overflowing with the usual polyglot elements that make up these Latin-American gatherings.

By dint of considerable effort Kirk succeeded in working his way through the wide double doors, and, being much above the average height, he was able to get a good view of the proceedings. Upon a platform a group of ceremonious officials were gathered about a revolving wire cage, so arranged that it could be whirled rapidly upon its axis. Into it were put ten ivory spheres, resembling billiard balls in size and appearance. When this had been done the cage was closed, and a very finely frightened twelve-year-old girl was selected at random from the audience, then lifted to the stage, where it required the commands and entreaties of her excited parents to prevent her from dissolving in tears.

At a word from the master of ceremonies the cage was spun until the ivory balls inside leaped and capered like captive squirrels. Then at another signal it was stopped. The door was opened, and the little girl reached in a trembling hand and selected a sphere. It proved to be hollow, with two halves screwed together, and to full sight of the assembly it was opened, displaying a bit of paper inside.

"Gee!" cried the announcer, and a card bearing the number "8" was raised. The paper was replaced inside the ivory ball, the ball itself was dropped into the wire cage, the door was closed and once more the cage was spun.

Kirk was much interested in the scene, not from any faintest hope that he would draw a prize, but purely from the novel atmosphere and color of the thing. While his eyes were busied and just as the child prepared to draw another ball he felt a clutch upon his arm and, glancing down, beheld the glowing black eyes of Senator Alfonso Alfarez fixed upon him. He carried a Japper little cane, with which he tapped his former prisoner to attract his attention.

At sight of him Kirk drew down his brows and said gruffly:

"Don't poke me with that umbrella."

He turned away, but again Alfarez touched him.

"I will speak with you, hombre," he said.

"If you keep jabbing me with that crutch I'll break it, and then you can't walk home."

Ramon jerked his head toward the square outside in an imperious fashion, and Kirk, curious to learn the cause of unusual excitement, followed him without demur. When they had reached the street the Spaniard turned with flashing eyes and a merciless smile.

"Well," he said dramatically.

"Pretty well. How goes it with you?"

"So! You have succeeded in your cowardly attempt?"

"My what?"

"I lose my position as comandante of police."

"You don't say so!" Kirk's face broke into a smile of real pleasure.

"That makes it you to laugh, then?" exclaimed the Panamanian excitedly.

"Perhaps you shall answer to those detectable actions, señor."

"Perhaps! I see you blame me for the loss of your job. Well, maybe you got beat up by the next American you get your hands on."

"But—I have another position!" Ramon exclaimed. "I have been promoted! I am appointed yesterday by his excellency the president to be his secretary."

"I suppose it's a good job, but you ought to be selling poison in a drug store."

Narrowing his eyes, Alfarez said meaningfully in a voice that none might overhear, "Panama is sometimes very onerously city for fat Americans." He ran a hostile glance up and down Anthony's bulky frame. "It is the ultimate perhaps of too great test. The senior is rich man's son, eh? Those do not give the appearance."

With supreme insolence he touched one of the buttons upon Kirk's linen uniform with his cane, whereat the American snatched the stick out of his hand, broke it and tossed it into the street. His blood was up, and in another breath he would have struck the

other.

"Oh, boss! Oh, boss! Glory to you, it is true! Oh-b-b, glory!" Seizing Kirk's hands, he kissed them before the other could prevent, then ran on frantically "Come quick! Come! Come! Come!"

"Look out!" snapped Kirk angrily. "What happened?"

"The dream! The dream is come! Oh, God, sir! You—you have won the capital prize, sir! You—do not say you have lost the ticket or I shall die and kill myself!"

"Here it is!" In his hand Anthony waved a slip of paper, out of which leaped four big red numbers—"8838."

"Diabolo!" came from behind him, and he turned to behold Alfarez, blind of face and with shaking hand, fling a handful of similar coupons after the broken cane. Without another word or a glance behind him the Panamanian made off across the plaza, barely in time to escape the crowd that surged around the two he had gulped.

Overwhelmed by a fusillade of questions in a dozen tongues, justified by a clamoring, curious throng, the lucky owner of 8838 fought his way back into the lottery building, and as he went the news spread like flaming oil.

There it was, plainly displayed, "8838!" There could be no possible mistake, and it meant 15,000 silver pesos, a princely fortune indeed for the collector of No. 2.

Promptly at five minutes to 1 o'clock that afternoon Allan Allan, into of Jamaica, strode through the Panama railroad station and daunted a first class round trip ticket to Colon before the eyes of his enemy, the gatekeeper. He was smoking a large Jamaican cigar, and his pockets bulged with others. When he came to board the train he called loudly for a porter to bring him the slip and once inside selected a shady seat with the laugh of a bored glee trotter.

Only when Kirk appeared upon his rounds did he forego his haughty complacency. Then his wide lips, which nature had shaped to a perpetual grin, curled back as they were intended, his smile lit up the car, and he burst into loud laughter.

Kirk found that the report of his good fortune had spread far and wide; he was invited a score of times for congratulations; operators at the various stations yelled at him and waved their hands; Rumrals wired "Hurray!" at Gatun. A certain respect was in these greetings, too, for he had suddenly become a character.

As yet, however, he had not fully considered what this windfall meant to him. His first thought had been that he could now discharge his debts, go back to New York and clear himself before the law. Yet the more he thought of it the less eager he became to return. Seven thousand five hundred dollars in gold to Kirk Anthony of Panama, collector, was a substantial fortune. To Kirk Anthony of Albany, distributor, it was nothing. Suppose he went home and squared his account with the police, what would he do then? Nothing, as usual. Here he was proving that the Anthony breed was self-supporting at least. And there was another reason, the weightiest of all. Long before he had reached the end of his run he realized that not 100 times the amount of this capital prize would tempt him to leave Panama before he had seen Chilquita.

Chilquita was beginning to seem like a dream. At times during the past week he had begun to wonder if she were not really a product of his own imagination. His fancy had played upon her so extravagantly that he feared he would not know her if ever they came face to face.

This was most unsatisfactory, and he reproached himself bitterly for the involuntary faithfulness that could allow her image to grow dim. He was almost without hope of seeing her again. And then, with the inconsequence of dreams and spirits, she appeared to him.

It was but a glimpse he had and a tantalizing flash of recognition from her eyes. It happened in the dusk during the confusion that accompanied the arrival of No. 7 at Panama. It lasted only a moment, and he lost sight of her again in the crowd.

But there was no doubt that she had recognized him, and nothing now could prevent him from continuing his search. The trouble was that his present occupation allowed him no opportunity. He was tied to the railroad except at night.

It was perhaps two weeks later that a serious shakeup occurred in the office force, of which no one seemed to know the cause. There was a mad scramble for advancement all along the line, in which Kirk took no part. But unexpectedly Rumrals summoned him to his office.

"How would you like an inside position?" said the master of transportation, eyeing him keenly.

"So soon?"

"I said I'd advance you if you made good." He paused an instant, then said deliberately, "When you get the hang of things here you'll have a chance to be my assistant."

Kirk opened his eyes in amazement. "Cool! That's great! But do you think I can get away with it?"

"Not at once. It will take time, of course, and you'll have to work like the devil. Look here, Anthony, I'm partly selfish in this, for I believe you're the sort I'm going to want with in the next year. The superintendent has had an offer from a big system in the States, and he's going to quit when his vacation comes. He likes me and he says I'll probably slip into his shoes. Do you understand what that means? I'll need fellows I can count on—fellows who won't double cross me to make a dollar for themselves, or knife me when my back is turned. I've got to have an efficient, no-nonsense organization. Otherwise we'll all go under, for we'll be into politics up to our necks. I think you're my sort, so I'll stick to me I'll help you and for every step I take I'll drag you up with me."

"It's a go!" The two young men clasped hands heartily. Rumrals had struck the right note. Beside his former desire to prove himself a man, Kirk now felt a strong sense of loyalty

to the one who had recognized his worth.

When he told his good news to Mrs. Cortlandt, her surprise was so closely simulated that he never dreamed of this thing about. Not that Rumrals was indisposed to act upon his own initiative, but the circumstances that had made his action possible had been due to her. It was hard to help a man against his will, but she profited by experience and took the time of least resistance.

The young man himself did not inquire too closely into the occasion of his advancement, and Edith Cortlandt was but little in his mind. He was consumed with the thought of Chilquita. He hoped that his new work would allow him more control of his time and perhaps put him in the way of learning her name. He could move in better society now.

CHAPTER XIV.
Garavel and His Daughters

THREE were busy days for the Cortlandts. They entertained constantly, and the occasions when they dined without from one to a dozen guests became so exceptional as to elicit remark around the hotel. Most of their efforts were devoted to certain Panamanians of the industrial class, and in company with one or more of these Cortlandt made frequent trips to the various quarters of the republic, sometimes absenting himself for days at a time.

During these intervals his wife assumed the direction of affairs and continued to entertain or be entertained. Her energy and resource seemed inexhaustible. Soon she became the social dictator of the city, and the most exclusive circles, American and Panamanian alike, awaited her to assume control.

The result was just what had been designed. Tourists and visiting newspaper people spoke glowingly of the amity between the two nations and wondered at the absence of that Spanish prejudice of which they had heard so much. Those who chafed to know the deeper significance of it all and were aware of the smoldering resentment that lay in the Latin mind commented admiringly upon her work and wondered what effect it would have upon the coming election.

No one but the woman herself and her husband really understood the tremendous difficulties of their task or the vital issues at stake. All who came into contact with her recognized the master mind directing the campaign and, consciously or unconsciously, relegated her husband to the background.

To the Latin intellect this display of power on the part of the woman was a revelation. She knew the effect she produced and made the most of it.

Old Anibal Alfarez was perhaps the last fully to appreciate her. He did, however, learn in time that while he could successfully match his craft against that of the husband, the wife read him unerringly. The result was that he broke with them openly.

When news of this reached the members of the usual commission they were alarmed, and Colonel Jolson felt it necessary to make known their views upon the situation. Accordingly, a few nights later the Cortlandts dined at his handsome residence on the heights above Chiriqui. After their return to Panama the colonel, in whom was vested the supreme authority over his nation's interests, acknowledged that his acquaintance with diplomacy was as nothing as compared with Edith Cortlandt's.

"She thinks Garavel is the proper man," he said to Colonel Bland. "Garavel is a banker. He's not a politician."

The chief engineer laughed. "All Spanish-Americans are politicians, colonel. They can't help it."

"Would he accept?"

"It is her business to find out. I had my doubts."

"But could he win? It would be a calamity if he had American backing and failed. It would mean disaster."

"Cortlandt has been working carefully, and he has been in all the seven provinces. He admits that it might be done, and she is certain. Of course it will mean a fight—Alfarez won't give up easily—but if Garavel should be the next president it would be a fine thing for both countries."

Over at Panama the Cortlandts were looking for a house to lease. Affairs had reached a point where it seemed advisable to give up their quarters at the Tivoli and secure more comfortable quarters with the life of the Spanish city. Meanwhile they gave a tremendous little dinner the one and only guest being Andres Garavel, the banker.

Of all the charming people of Central America there are perhaps none more polished and well bred than the upper class Panamanians. Of this agreeable type Senator Andres Garavel was an admirable example, having sprung from the finest Castilian stock as a name running back through the pages of history to the earliest conquests attested.

The present bearer of the name was of distinguished appearance. He was swarthy of skin, his hair was snow white, and he had stars that eyes of great intelligence. He was calm and deliberate, evincing a poise that sprang not only from good blood but from good deeds. His poise was that of a man with heavy responsibilities. For Andres Garavel was a crafty banker and a rich one. He was widely traveled, well informed and an admirable talker.

"I am so disappointed that your daughter could not come," Kirk told him for the second time. "In fact she objects to our American influence."

"No, no, my dear lady," said the guest. "She admires American institutions. I do. We are proud to have her here. In my home in my private life, perhaps, I am a Panamanian, but in my business life I am not. I am a banker, and I am a banker with other people. I am a banker. She has had a wide education for a child. She has traveled, she speaks five languages, and yet understands it

to the one who had recognized his worth.

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all who in Garavel and hence a Panamanian. He is all I have, and my life is here."

The most progressed with only the customary small talk to enliven it, but as soon as the three had adjourned to the Cortlandt with the host of the evening proceeded to approach the subject in his mind as directly as the circumstances permitted. Through a series of natural transitions the conversation was brought around to politics, and Garavel was silently sounded. But he displayed little interest. When at last he consented to show his awareness of the suggestion so constantly held out he spoke with deliberate intention.

"General Alfarez is my respected friend," he said, with a politeness that intimated his meaning, "and I rejoice that he will be the next president of Panama."

"You, of course, know that there is opposition to him?"

"All Panama knows that."

"General Alfarez does not seem to be a friend of the United States. May I speak frankly?"

Garavel inclined his white head without removing his intense, dark eyes from the speaker.

"Don Anibal Alfarez can never be president of Panama."

"The banker made no visible movement, yet the effect of this positive declaration was almost like that of a blow. After a pause he said:

"May I tell him you said so?"

"If you wish, but I do not think you will."

The heavy lid his eyes did questioningly to Mrs. Cortlandt's face to find her smiling at him.

"Believe me, dear lady," he said, "I suspected that there were grave reasons for this interview, but as yet I am at sea. I am not a politician, you know. I shall have no voice in our political affairs."

"Of course we know that, Senator Garavel, and of course there are grave reasons why we wished to talk with you. As Stephen has said, General Alfarez cannot be president."

"Madam," he said coldly, "Panama is a republic. The voice of the people is supreme."

"Down in your heart do you really think so?" She was still smiling at him. "Not The United States is supreme."

"Ah! That day will come, perhaps—I have said so. I look forward to it as the best solution, but—"

"The day has come."

"Even so, Alfarez is an honorable man, a strong man and the wealthiest man in our country."

"You are also a rich man, a man of ability," said Cortlandt. "Your name is second to none in all Central America. There is no one better."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the banker in a strange voice. "I? No, no!"

"And why not? Have you never had political aspirations?"

"Of course. All men have dreams. I was secretary of finance under Amador, but the Garavels have never really been public men. Politics have been a curse to our house. My grandfather—"

"I know," broke in Mrs. Cortlandt. "But times have changed. Panama has seen her last revolution, and she needs a business man at her head. Panama is a healthy country, with no national debt. She is growing, developing. She holds the gateway to the western world, and her finances must be administered wisely. There is no one who can direct her so well as you."

"It is impossible!" repeated Garavel. His agitation growing more pronounced.

"General Alfarez is my friend. His son will be my son."

"Ramon! Is Ramon engaged to your daughter?"

"Yes," exclaimed the banker, shortly. He began to pace the room.

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THE NEW DO-WELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

joined her box party on the opening night.

It seemed quite like old times to don an evening suit; the stiff white linen awakened a pang of regret. There was a somewhat formal dinner in the Courtland's new home, at which there were a dozen guests, so Kirk had no oppor-



"Oh—! These young ladies!" he cried.

timely of speaking with his hostess until they had reached the theater.

"I've scarcely seen you lately," she said at the first opportunity. "You're a very neglected young man. I began to think you were avoiding us."

"You must know better than that," she replied him shrewdly over her shoulder. "You're not still thinking of that night at Taboga?"

He blushed and nodded frankly. "I can't help thinking about it. You were actually nice to overlook a break like that, but—"

Unconsciously his eyes shifted to Courtland, who was conversing politely with a slightly old lady.

She tapped his cheek lightly with her fan. "Just to show you how forgiving."

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THE ARMY.

No sane man today can possibly think a nation situated as the United States is with respect to the world could do without an army. All stable government rests upon the possibility of using force to secure obedience to its decrees. Judicial tribunals are successful in operation not because the unsuccessful author is satisfied with the decision, is pleased with the reasoning of the court adverse to his contention or is overcome by the magnetism of the judge in rendering his judgment. They succeed because of the knowledge of the defeated author that the whole force of the state is back of every judgment and that to resist would be worse than useless. And so it must be with nations until another day has dawned and many of the attributes of men which now guide their conduct have been changed for other and different ones. It is absolutely essential for any nation today to maintain sufficient force to secure the carrying out of its decrees.—Secretary of War L. M. Garrison.

HESTER.

When children such as Hester do their place you may not well supply, though you among a thousand try With vain endeavor. A month or more hath she been dead, Yet cannot I by force be led To think upon the wormy bed And her together.

A springy motion in her gait, A rising step did indicate Of pride and joy no common rate.

That flushed her spirit, I know not by what name beside I shall it call. If 'twere not pride It was a joy to that allied She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule, Which doth the human feeling cool, But she was trued in nature's school.

Nature had blest her, A waking eye, a prying mind, A heart that struts in hard to find, A hawk's keen sight you cannot blind; Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before To that unknown and silent shore, Shall we not meet, as heretofore.

Some summer morning, When from thy cheerful eyes a ray Hath struck a bliss upon the day, A bliss that would not go away, A sweet forewarning? —Charles Lamb.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life and every setting sun be to you as its close; then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourself.—Ruskin.

CUPID'S DISABILITY.

One never feels quite certain whether The lives that Cupid knits together Will stand the wear and tear of travel Or whether they will soon unravel.

His so-called knots turn out more hitches, And frequently he drops his attitudes. Perhaps it is the part of kindness To place the blame upon his blindness.

—Judge.

STATE MOTTOES.

To the stars through difficulties.—Kansas.

Another flies on his own wings.—Oregon.

Increase and multiply.—Maryland.

With the sword she seeks a quiet peace with liberty.—Massachusetts.

I have found it.—California.

Mountaineers are always free men.—West Virginia.

There is nothing without a providence.—Colorado.

He who transplanted still sustains.—Connecticut.

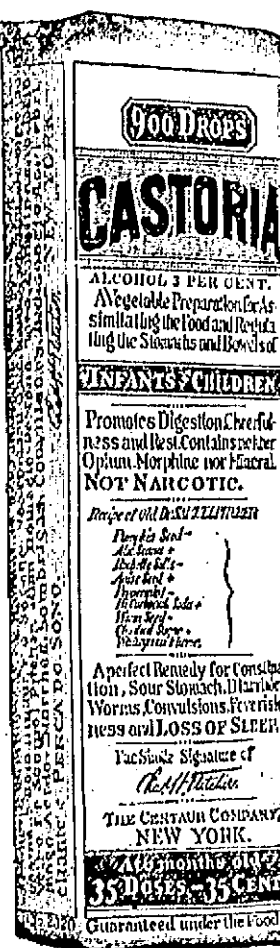
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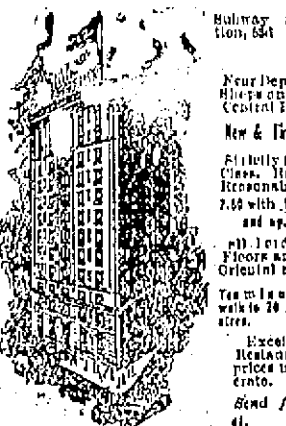
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Through Pullman trains without change, cafe dining cars, direct connection from New England points at New York and Washington. Tourist tickets now on sale at reduced rates via all-rail or motor and rail, allowing stop-over privileges.

For booklet on winter resorts and reduced rates of fares, apply to:

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GOLD BECK'S

Diastatic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase, and extracts of malt together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food, converting it into dextrin and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Diarrhea, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nervous Exhaustion, Anemia, Malnutrition, etc.

To Nursing Mothers: It wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphate to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In all cases of indigestion and natural sleep.

Instructions:—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

Sold by

W. W. ALLEN, 18 and 20 Kinney's Wharf, Newport, R. I.

Price of Coke

From June 15, 1908.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels \$4.50

18 bushels \$2.25

Common, delivered,

36 bushels \$3.50

18 bushels \$1.75

Price at works,

Prepared, 11c. a bushel, \$10 for 100 bushels.

Common, 9c. a bushel, \$9 for 100 bushels.

Order in at the Gas Office, 214 Thames Street, or at Gas Works, Whitefield prompt.

ly. 03

Established by Franklin in 1731.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 101
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Saturday, March 28, 1914.

Bryan each day is proving himself the weakest and most inefficient Secretary of State this country ever had. And we have got to have three years more of him.

The New York Democrats will mostly vote against the repeal of the Panama free trade bill. Although President Wilson may succeed in carrying through his repeal measure it may have a tendency to cause a break in his party not easily healed.

When Gen. Villa acts as prosecuting witness, judge and executioner there is no opportunity for dilatory pleadings. He seems to be doing that all right and President Wilson tamely submits to his dictation. Would, Oh would, we had a President at the White House.

Admiral Chadwick and Dr. Brackett went to Brookline on Monday and spoke before the Board of Trade of that town in the evening on the incomparable glories of Newport's charter. In spite of recent developments, both these gentlemen still stick to their first love.

There is some uncertainty as to whether the additional troops have been sent to protect the Texans from the Mexicans or the Mexicans from Gov. Colquitt.

Let Gov. Colquitt and his Texans have their way. They will deal with Mexico much more effectively than will President Wilson.

"Owing to dull times, B. F. Sturtevant Co. has laid off 200 men at its Hyde Park plant and balance are on short time."

Such reports as the above are coming in with clock-work regularity from all directions and yet the administration papers and supporters would have us believe that these are prosperous times.

There is certainly nothing in the business situation as yet to create any great degree of confidence or courage. General trade continues disappointing. The general trend of prices is downward, and there is no disposition to buy for future requirements even at recessions. People are still economizing, either forced or voluntarily. There is too much politics, and cheap politics at that. The Administration and Congress keep on attacking capital, and capital is beginning to resent it. Such is the true statement made by one of the leading financiers of the country.

Consistency is a jewel that does not have any place with President Wilson. During his campaign in his many speeches he took the strongest ground in favor of free trade for American Coastwise shipping; now he demands that Congress shall repeal the bill, so as to put him on better terms with Great Britain. The President refuses to recognize Huerta as president of Mexico because he came to his office through the murder of the former president but is willing for him to be a candidate for election and if successful at the polls will recognize him as the lawful president.

The papers talk glibly about "Antiquated Constitutions" and "Antiquated Charters." Anything that does not suit them is "Antiquated." Certain papers in Providence are just now regaling their readers about the "Antiquated Charter" of that city. Because there is some limit on the action of the city government or because there is a limit on the action of the State government then the thing that imposes that limit is all wrong. To our mind this Constitution slapping is all wrong. The Constitution of Rhode Island was made by wise and able men, and it should only be changed after the most mature and careful deliberation. The fundamental law of a State should not be altered to suit every popular whim that may be uppermost for the time being. Our advice to our lawmakers is let the Constitution alone.

The Republican members of the Senate are to be congratulated upon their stand upon the proposed amendment to the constitution of the State on Wednesday. Aided by the Democratic members, a small wing of the Republicans tried to pass the amendment for the abolishing of the property qualification, but this met with defeat.

There is not at the present time a single amendment to the constitution now before either body that should be approved by the Legislature, except perhaps it may be the one providing for biennial sessions of the General Assembly. This may be warranted by the provisions for biennial elections passed some time ago, but aside from this there has been no change in conditions in the State to warrant a constitutional amendment. The constitution is not to be changed to meet the whim of one newspaper, not to make votes for political candidates, not to suit the pleasure of an unknown platform maker of a political convention; but only when the best interests of the State demand it, in the sober, calm and deliberate action of thinking people. The Senators who voted against the amendment voted honestly for the best interests of their communities and of the State, knowing full well that they were going contrary to the wishes of the "organization." All honor to the men.

NEWPORT HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST.

Snappy Items of Local Interest Taken from the Files of the Newport Mercury of One Hundred, Fifty and Twenty-five Years Ago.

Fifty Years Ago.

(From Newport Mercury, March 26, 1861.)

There has been but one death at the Newport Asylum since our last, and that was of the well known personage who has always borne the name of John Joe. The history of this man is not accurately known, but he first came to this town from St. Domingo in the ship George and Mary, Capt. Samuel Lawton, in the capacity of cook. He then shipped on board a privateer at Bristol, and the report is that he was of prize money, which turned his brain and left him a raving maniac. In 1811 or 1816 he was placed in what was known as the "cage," on the west side of the old burial ground and never showed to be unbalanced until he was removed to the Asylum in July, 1823, when his chains were taken off and he became a harmless man. He was then, as near as could be ascertained, about 37 years of age, which would make him at the time of his death 51. He was tall and straight and delighted to be dressed up with gold lace and bright colors, and each holiday could be seen in full uniform. He died of typhoid fever Wednesday and was buried Thursday, clothed in a suit of grey with epaulettes and other trimmings. In his coffin was also placed his national uniform, which was formerly presented to him by some friends in New York, also his military cap and cane. A century hence, should his grave be opened, there will be great wonderment who this distinguished personage could have been.

The store of T. Mumford Seabury was entered Tuesday night by some one evidently well acquainted with the premises. There is not the slightest doubt but that the entrance was made by keys, although great effort seems to have been made to give the impression that the entrance was made by an upper window and the exit by a rear door. The guilty party was no expert in his business and would scarcely indicate the shrewdness of a boy in his teens. A drawer was pried open and about five dollars was taken.

The week has been very quiet regarding military matters but the spell must soon break. In every direction the forces are accumulating and the horrors of war will be portrayed in the brightest colors by our correspondents. The only movement worthy of notice is the success of the Red River expedition, which we give in another column.

There are now at Fort Adams upwards of 300 soldiers belonging to the 15th regiment, U. S. Infantry. The machine for firing the guns at Fort Adams has arrived, and work will be begun at once. A sufficient appropriation having been made by the Government it is presumed that the armament at the Fort will be put in complete order, as it is sadly in need of it.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

(From Newport Mercury, March 23, 1889.)

PROHIBITIONISTS IN CAUCUS. The Prohibitory caucus for the selection of a General Assembly ticket was held in Bassett Mission Hall on Wednesday evening. Mr. Anthony M. Kimber presided, and Mr. W. S. Brownell acted as secretary. There was a goodly attendance and the following ticket was nominated as solidly opposed to the resubmission of the liquor question: For Senator—Stephen S. Albro; for Representatives—William B. Franklin, George C. Barker, Harley W. Pray, Edward O. Riggs, William Jacob.

Mr. L. F. Atkinson, proprietor of the Aquidneck House, and family have returned from Cambridge, Mass., and the work of renovating the Aquidneck, preparatory to opening for the season will be begun at once.

The Australian voting law, as passed by the Senate, was concurred in by the House Thursday. The law goes into effect the first of June next. After that time all voting will have to be done by and under this system, hence the voters will do well to post themselves thoroughly as to the method of its workings.

The moving of Mr. James A. Brown's house from Brown's Lane in Middletown to Jamestown, Conanicut Island, across the channel, has been successfully accomplished. The building, loaded on scows, was dropped down to Briggs wharf Wednesday night where it remained until Thursday morning, when it was towed to its destination. Much interest was attracted to this unusual method of moving a building.

Col. Howard Smith's mastiff, which has been a terror to many of our citizens ever since he was brought here, will be seen no more. Having bitten the young son of Mr. George A. Wilcox, that gentleman demanded his life and took it. The child was bitten last week Friday, but the facts did not come to the knowledge of his father, who was out of the city, until Wednesday. The wound, though an ugly one, is not thought by the Doctor to be a serious one.

The old Cleveland house, so called, on Rough Point, recently sold to Mr. Hiram Murray to be moved off, was built for Mrs. Cleveland about 1854 by Mr. William J. Holt. At that time Bellevue avenue was open only as far as Webster street, and this was the first house built below that point.

Practical Advice.

Mr. Henry L. Higginson, one of the well known business men of Boston, says: "Some of our representatives at Washington have made statements which they cannot verify or prove, and just because they are federal officers they have not been contradicted and treated as other men would be treated. If factory after factory closes or reduces its number of workmen, if our states are filled with men who are idle by compulsion, Congress may well remember that they have largely caused this distress. It is the duty of a free citizen to stand up in church and testify."

Bishop McConnell on Mexico.

Bishop McConnell of the Methodist Episcopal Church has just returned from Mexico and has made a statement as to the conditions there emphasizing the hopelessness of restoration of peace by the efforts of either Huerta or the constitutionalist leaders. He says that Huerta's military force must restrict its efforts to guarding the railways, which are the object of rebel attacks. In Mexico City and surrounding country there is no evidence of war, except the presence of the soldiers. The soldiers are undersized and apparently poorly disciplined. Their poor marksmanship is becoming a matter of proverb. Railway transportation has become a serious problem. The railway which has not suffered from dynamite is regarded as fortunate. One railway employee remarked to the Bishop: "Our line is lucky. They merely shoot at our trains and do not blow us up with dynamite."

In the interior the depredations could not be styled war. Small bands of bandits prowl the country, robbing and burning, without special hostility to any class of citizens or foreign residents, but actuated apparently by cupidity and sheer wantonness. Most of these raids happen at night, and while the identity of the bandits may be surmised, there is no clear proof as to who they are. It is suspected that men who pose as laborers by day are bandits at night. In the Northern part of the country the identity of the bandits is not so much a secret.

Bishop McConnell, while not expressing his own views of the outcome, says that he interviewed all classes of citizens and that they are generally hopeless of any solution of the problem locally. While suggestion of intervention by any foreign power would have horrified Mexican citizens a year ago, and while few of them would welcome such intervention now, the bishop says that they expect it as the only solution. When questioned as to whether they look for this intervention by the United States alone or by the United States in concert with European governments, or with Latin-American countries, Mexican citizens shrug their shoulders and say, "Quien sabe?" The bishop says that while Huerta is regarded as a heavy drinker, Mexicans do not regard him as a drunkard and do not consider that he was an active participant in the assassination of Madero. They look upon Villa as an unprincipled bandit and Carranza as an impractical dreamer.

General Assembly.

The past week in the General Assembly has been about as exciting as any for a long time. The discussion of the appropriation bill in the House, the debate on the property qualification bill in the Senate, and the invasion by the peaceful citizens of the town of Cumberland, headed by life and drum and flag, have all served to stir up interest in the Capitol. Furthermore the session is drawing toward its close, there being only three weeks more in which the legislators can draw pay.

The appropriation bill finally got through the House on Tuesday, the committee allowing the opposition full latitude to argue and fight it. Representative John B. Sullivan of this city conducted the battle against the bill and proposed many amendments, but all were voted down. The bill is now in the hands of the finance committee of the Senate and will probably be reported back in a few days.

The fight in the Senate came on Wednesday, when the bill to abolish the property qualification for voters came up on the calendar. This bill was introduced by Senator Wilbour of Little Compton and was the same as the Sumner bill which was introduced in the House but which could not get out of the hands of the committee on special legislation. The debate was a lively one. Senator Wilbour of Little Compton opened for the bill and was followed by Senators Munroe, Pierce, Bennett, and others. Senator Champlin of New Shoreham led the fight against the bill, and spoke scathingly against it. A motion made by Senator Munroe to amend by making it like the West act was lost, and on a roll call the bill was indefinitely postponed by a vote of 21 to 18. A motion to reconsider was then made and laid on the table, and the bill was beyond all hope of revival.

Of the Senators from Newport County, Senator Beekman of Newport, Senator Head of Jamestown, and Senator Wilbour of Little Compton voted for the bill, while Senator Peckham of Middletown, Senator Anthony of Portsmouth, and Senator Champlin of New Shoreham, and Senator Wilcox of Tiverton voted against it. All the Democratic Senators except one voted for the bill.

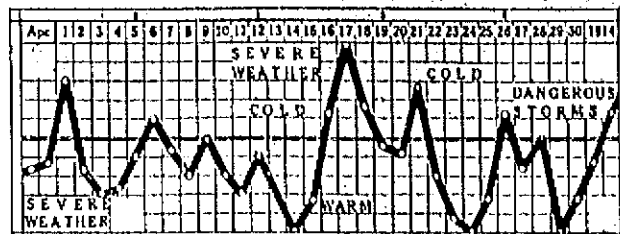
The parcels post is a grand thing for the big department stores in the big cities, but how about the small dealers in small towns and cities?

Cars on the New Haven road will be run by electricity from New Haven to New York on May 15.

Election of Officers.

Westley Brotherhood of the Thames Street M. E. Church.
President—George E. Bailey.
Vice President—Howard P. Norton.
Secretary—J. C. Crawford.
Treasurer—George A. Peckham.
Chaplain—Rev. W. Harvey Bath.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



In vicinity of the Mexican Gulf rainfall will be about normal for April, elsewhere below normal. Temperatures will be above normal along and north of latitude 40; about or below normal south of that line. Generally good crop-weather will prevail, favorable to farm work. Disastrous storms are expected. See weekly bulletins. First part of month will be unusually warm; then temperatures will gradually decrease until middle of month. Not far from middle of month a great high temperature wave will cross continent following which temperatures will gradually down to end of month.

Treble line represents normal temperatures. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line it indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. Temperature line dates are for Meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south through St. Louis.

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Washington, D. C. March 26, 1914.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent March 30 to April 3, warm wave March 20 to April 2, cool wave April 1 to 6. Storm forces will be above average intensity; temperatures will run high as the warm wave passes and then the temperature trend will be downward till about middle of month.

Second disturbance of April will reach Pacific coast about April 3, cross Pacific slope by close of 4, great central valleys 5 to 7, eastern sections 8. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about April 3, great central valleys 5, eastern sections 7. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about April 8, great central valleys 8, eastern sections 10.

Temperatures of this disturbance will be about normal as an average but will run to extremes because of the great energy of the storm forces. As a general average the crop-weather will be good but some places will begin to suffer for want of rain. Four-fifths of the continent will be threatened by drought during April and some parts will be seriously damaged.

The moon causes the tides by expanding the sea water and by evaporating sea water prepares the atmosphere for

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

On Wednesday evening about 6 o'clock fire was discovered in the large barn belonging to Senator Henry C. Anthony, at Elm Farm. It was only a very few minutes before the whole building was a mass of flames, with the flames reaching far up into the sky. Only two or three men were at hand, but these worked quickly and succeeded in getting the stock out of the barn with the exception of one horse, a sow and litter of pigs, these were burned. When first discovered the fire was in the hay in only one haymow, but as soon as the door was opened it spread to the other side. About a half hour after the fire was discovered the roof fell. The farm buildings are very close together here, and the house is only a short distance away. The wind was southeast and this kept the house from catching fire. While there were only a few men on hand when the fire was discovered, the blaze soon brought many people to the scene, and while they could do nothing to put out the fire, they helped in every way possible and succeeded in keeping the fire away from some of the other buildings. There is a fine Artesian well on the premises, and this was used until the water gave out. Mr. Anthony's place is near the top of Buffum Hill and the fire could be seen for miles.

Mrs. Benjamin B. White of Swansea has sustained a shock and was taken to Providence. She is now somewhat better. Mrs. White is the daughter of Mr. Gardner T. Sherman of this town, and she has spent the greater portion of her life here. About two years ago Mr. White sold his large farm on Middle Road and bought a smaller one in Swansea and moved there with his family.

Mr. William H. Tallman has completed the school census for the year, and makes the following report: Number of boys attending public schools, 213; girls, 213. Total, 426. Number of boys not attending any school, 74; girls, 78; total, 152. Whole number of boys enumerated, 287; girls, 291; total, 578. Number of boys enrolled, 192; girls, 184; total, 376.

About 20 people went from this town to attend the fifth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hyson of Fall River. Mrs. Hyson was Miss Edith Davel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Davel of this town.

Miss Mary Hodges, district nurse of the Red Cross Association of Providence, has been the guest of Mrs. Emma Sherman, coming with Miss Amy Sherman, who is a student at the Rhode Island State Normal School.

Rev. John Wadsworth has gone to Connecticut to attend the Methodist Conference. Mrs. Wadsworth and Miss Laura Wadsworth are visiting relatives in Leominster, Mass.

An automobile ran into Mr. Frank Brazil's paper delivery wagon Sunday morning, near the residence of Mrs. Emma Sherman. The horse started to run but stopped when he ran into Mr. Parker Sherman's letter box. There was no serious damage.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Almy, who have been spending several weeks with relatives here have gone to Bridgewater, Conn., where Mr. Almy is employed by the Lane Construction Co.

Messrs. Ernest and Lester Coggeshall who have been engaged in the fishing business at Stuart, Florida, are expected home soon.

Mrs. William Burke celebrated her 55th birthday this week. She entertained several friends and received many tokens of remembrance, one being a wheel chair which will enable her to get about more as she is quite lame.

Mrs. Minnie Steele entertained the Guild of St. Paul's Church on Tuesday. Lenten services were held at St. Paul's Church Wednesday afternoon and at St. Mary's Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Carter are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Arthur Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Green have moved into the Daniel Almy house at Mint Water Brook.

Mr. Amos F. Marve has bought of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brazil their land on McCorrie Lane, near the McCorrie School, and will later erect a dwelling there.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarke Chase and son of

Can it Last.

(From Leelle's Weekly.)

"We are a hopeful nation, but 'can it last?' The army of the unemployed grows larger every day. The murmurs of discontent increase. Every report of the reopening of a factory is hailed with joy. Business drags in every line of industry, excepting in our legislative halls where demagogues are working over-time. The splendid optimism of the American people sustains them in this trying hour."

The Federal Government has taken possession of the railroads. It fixes their tariffs. It decides what appliances they must use and what wages they must pay. State public service commissions press upon the securities that can be issued so that the stockholders have nothing to do excepting to elect the directors and foot the losses. Everybody knows that the hull in the iron industry and allied branches of trade is due to the lack of orders constantly received from the railroads. The increase in the cost of labor and material coupled with the slackening in business has crippled the railroads everywhere. Dividends are being passed or reduced. Economies of the strictest kind are being enforced, yet net earnings continue to show an alarming decline. In this crisis the failure of the Interstate Commerce Commission to act in an out-of-the-way that capital and labor should regard at once.

The railroads ought to spend, and would spend, \$3,000,000 a day for new rails, cars and other equipment if they had the money. They should spend a billion dollars a year for the next five years. Three quarters of this would go to labor. Do the working-men of this country realize what this would mean to them? Do shopkeepers realize it? Do our manufacturers comprehend it? If the Interstate Commerce Commission will not act, let us have a commission that will. The exigency is urgent. The country demands it. Let President Wilson act.

The railroads have been brought to the verge of bankruptcy. Must they repeat the painful experience of 1893, when three-fourths of them went into the hands of receivers? Worse still, the politicians and demagogues who are responsible for this crisis in the affairs of the railroads, now propose to try the same tactics on the industrial corporations.

We repeat "We are a hopeful nation, but can it last?"

BLOCK ISLAND.

MRS. WM. A. HULL.

Following the death of Mrs. John Edward Willis of Block Island her sister Mrs. William A. Hull passed away on Saturday morning, March 14, after a brief illness of pneumonia. Seldom have two sisters been so devoted or privileged to enjoy and share so much in common. They "were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death were not divided." In their births there was a difference of ten years, but between their deaths only five days intervened and their funerals were solemnized only one week, to the day and hour, apart.

At the services held for Mrs. Hull on March 17, at the First Baptist Church the Arnold trio sang "A Beautiful City," "I shall know Him," and "My Heavenly Home." Dr. H. A. Roberts took for his text Luke 20-36.

"Neither can they die any more; for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection." He spoke words of consolation and praise for the benediction of the life just closed. The many beautiful floral tributes and the large attendance showed the love and respect in which Mrs. Hull was held by the whole community; while the grief expressed by neighboring friends bespoke her unselfishness, kind heartedness and generosity.

Mary Catherine Mott was born Jan. 21, 1814, of esteemed and devout parents, Walter Rathbone and Phoebe D. Mott. Her birth-place is one of the old landmarks of the island, called in her maiden days "The Cherry Trees" but known to the present generation as the "Old gambled roofed house of Mr. Rathbone Mott." In youth she gave herself to the Saviour and trusted Him fully to the end. She was baptized by Elder Russell and was always loyal to the First Baptist Church.

Feb. 9, 1869, she was married to William A. Hull whose love and tender care for her has been constant.

Mrs. Hull was always frail in health yet accomplished far more than the average house wife or mother. She was distinctively a home body. Her house was a haven of hospitality. There was no more perfect hostess in any social circle of the land.

She is survived by her husband and one son, Joseph Henry Hull, and his wife Elizabeth Dunwell.

Father, teaching his 6-year-old son arithmetic by giving a problem to his wife, begs his son to listen:

Father—"Mother, if you had a dollar I gave you five more, what would you have?"

Mother (replying absently—"Hysterics."—Brooklyn Life.

Little Elmer—Papa, what is politeness? Prof. Broadhead—Politeness, my son, is the art of not letting other people know what you really think of them.—

SHORT LINE

—TO—

PROVIDENCE

—VIA—

Newport & Providence Railway

In effect Sept. 15, 1913.

A car will leave Washington Square Week Days at 7:40 a. m. making close connection through to Providence by the way of Bristol arriving at Union Station, Providence, at 9:30 a. m. The other trips through the day will remain the same, leaving Newport at 50 minutes past the hour until 5:30 p. m. SUNDAYS continuing through to Providence leaving Newport each hour from 8:30 a. m. to 7:30 p. m.

G. W. TOWLE.

Superintendent.

LOOSE LEAF BINDERS.

We handle the famous L-P Line of Loose Leaf Binders and Forms. You've seen them advertised in the Saturday Evening Post and other publications.

1703 LOOSE LEAF DEVICES AND FORMS FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND FOR EVERY BUSINESS.

Ring Binders, Port Binders (Sectional and Whole), Spring Back Binders, and Patent Steel Lockers.

MERCURY PUB. CO.,

192 THAMES ST.

Deaths.

In this city, suddenly, 2nd inst., Thomas Albert Lawton.

In this city, 2nd inst., Emma Frances, daughter of Delia and the late James Crosby.

In this city, 2nd inst., Catherine A., beloved wife of Charles Walker.

In this city, 2nd inst., John Caswell, aged 84 years.

In this city, 2nd inst., Anna Elizabeth, daughter of the late Alfred Barker and wife of the late John Golding Davis.

In Rochester, N. Y., 2nd inst., after a brief illness, Mrs. Mary T. Barnard, sister of Mrs. Geo. S. Barnard, of this city.

In Providence, 2nd inst., James H. Gardiner, in his 52nd year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding real estate, houses furnished and unfurnished, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1851. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka Harness Oil
Mica Grease
Sold by Dealers everywhere
Standard Oil Co. of New York

SHALL THE ARMY RULE ENGLAND?

Question Still Uppermost in
Mind of British Public

ASSURANCES GIVEN TO GOUGH

They Lead to Resignation of Field
Marshal French and Adjutant Ewart
—Downfall of Asquith Cabinet Be-
lieved to Have Been Only Tempora-
rily Averted—Generals in Council

Field Marshal Sir John French and
General John S. Ewart, his adjutant,
have resigned their positions on the
British army staff.

As members of the war council,
French and Ewart signed the "tough
treaty" with War Secretary Begg.
The repudiation of the assurances
given Gough that the Irish officers
would not be expected to serve
against Ulster, led to their resigna-
tions. The two generals, it is said,
were led to believe that the two para-
graphs repudiated in the house of
commons by Asquith had been ap-
proved by the cabinet.

French served with great distinction
in the British army since 1874.

Much comment was aroused by a
conference at the War Office of all the
principal commanding generals of the
British army, Colonel Seely and
Winston S. Churchill, first lord of the
admiralty, also had a long conference
with Premier Asquith.

The atmosphere is far from cleared.
The question is still, "Shall the army
rule England?" Asquith's belated
repudiation of the "tough treaty" in
the commons only temporarily averts
the downfall of his cabinet. Many
Liberals regard the retention of War
Minister Seely as a most serious
blunder.

The premier repudiated his action
in temporizing with the officers sta-
tioned in Ireland but in failing to ac-
cept Seely's resignation his opponents
believe Asquith placed the govern-
ment in a position from which it will
not be able to emerge without dis-
ruption.

It is declared the officers of the Irish
commands will never consent to fight
Ulster. Gough stated his position in
an interview:

"We have a guarantee signed by the
army council which the premier can-
not repudiate without overthrowing
the council. We will hold the council
to its promise but if the premier
stands by his statement I fear the en-
tire question may be reopened."

In all opposition quarters, as well
as among the Laborites, Socialists
and Nationalists, it is emphatically
desired that the fight is far from con-
clusion. Rising out of the struggle will
be the drawing of a clear line between
the aristocratic and democratic fac-
tions.

THE OKLAHOMA LAUNCHED

Sister Ship of the Nevada Christened
by Lorena Cruce

One of the largest battleships in the
United States navy, and sister ship
of the Nevada, which was recently
launched, the superdreadnought
Oklahoma took the water at Camden,
N. J., when Miss Lorena Cruce,
daughter of the governor of Okla-
homa, broke a bottle of champagne
against her bows.

The christening was witnessed by
Governor Cruce, Naval Secretary
Daniels, Assistant Secretary Roose-
velt and many other officials.

With her sister battleship, the
Oklahoma is attracting much atten-
tion, as they mark the introduction
of the use of three big guns mounted
in one turret. The Oklahoma's steel
hull is 583 feet long and she will burn
only oil, thus saving space.

TO BE NAMED RESOLUTE

Decision of Syndicate Building Boat
to Defend America's Cup

Official announcement of the selec-
tion of the name Resolute as the title
of the New York Yacht club's flag
officers' syndicate America's cup de-
fense candidate was made at New
York.

The yacht, now building at the
Herreshoff yard, Bristol, R. I., for
the syndicate, is the second of the
three defending candidates to be
named.

The Tri-City yacht has already been
named Defiance, leaving the Cochran
boat the only one of the trio as yet
undesignated.

TO STUDY OUR PEOPLE

Queen of Bulgaria Will Visit the
United States in May

Queen Eleanor of Bulgaria an-
nounced that she would depart on her
journey from the Bulgarian capital to
the United States during the third
week of May.

Queen Eleanor, who will be the
first reigning queen to visit the Uni-
ted States, intends to make a study of
the institutions and people of Amer-
ica.

It is stated semi-officially that
King Ferdinand also will pay a visit
to the United States, probably in
1915.

NEW HANDS AT HELM

Matthew Hale Relinquishes Control
of the Boston Journal

The Boston Journal went under the
management of W. A. Green, F.
W. Enright and Hugh Cabot.
It will be conducted, under this con-
tract, as a non-partisan newspaper.

Matthew Hale, the former publisher,
having relinquished his leadership.

Hale declared he had taken this
course in order to give his time to
the development of the Progressive party.

AGREE TO TERMS OF DISSOLUTION

Government and New Haven Road
Apparently Satisfied

Although the administration is con-
gratulating itself upon the terms ob-
tained whereby the New Haven rail-
road monopoly is to be broken by July
1, 1919, the railroad officials are al-
so congratulating themselves upon
having obtained a longer period for
the dissolution than was at first in-
tended.

It was the understanding that the
New Haven must sell its Boston and
Maine holdings by Jan. 1, 1917, but
as it will be necessary to get an act
of the Massachusetts legislature to
authorize such a sale the term for dis-
solution was increased.

Under the terms of the agreement
the Boston and Maine's affairs are to
be conducted by Marcus P. Knowlton,
James L. Doherty, James L. Rich-
ards, Charles P. Hall and Frank P.
Carpenter.

RESIGNED TO HIS FATE

Dorr Pays Death Penalty For the
Murder of His Granduncle

Expressing repentance for his sins
and regret that someone had not guid-
ed his footsteps aright in his early
youth, William A. Dorr went to his
death in the electric chair at Boston
for the murder of his granduncle,
George E. Marsh, the Lynn soap
manufacturer.



WILLIAM A. DORR

Dorr was absolutely resigned to his
fate, meeting death bravely and with
more apparent cheerfulness than any
man who has ever been electrocuted
in the state prison.

BARS JAIL-MADE GOODS

Measure Excluding Certain Foreign
Products Passed by House

After a vigorous partisan contest,
the national house passed a bill to
bar foreign convict-made or pauper-
made goods from competition with the
products of American free labor.

The measure, which now goes to
the senate, follows a bill recently
passed by the house forbidding the
shipment of convict-made goods in
interstate commerce into states which
prohibit the sale of such products in
the open market.

HAS FAITH IN CHILDREN

Judge Declares Healthy Little Ones
"Romance" Rather Than Lie

Discussing childhood and the new
penology Justice Franklin of the New
York court of special sessions, said:
"Children when healthy are fond of
play and generally reveal impulses
toward romantic fiction, or lying,
falsely so called. To ignore the
natural tendencies is to rob childhood
of its inheritance."

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

Pierre P. Hurlburt, 67, a union
soldier of the Civil war, said to have
sent the last signal message of the
war, died at Atlanta.

The pope will hold a consistory at
end of April or the beginning of May.
It is assumed that about a dozen car-
dinals will be appointed.

James Connaughton, aged 63, for
thirty-eight years a keeper at Sing
Sing prison, died at his home in Os-
tanding, N. Y., of hardening of the
arteries.

Frederick Mistral, noted French
poet, died at Marseilles. He was
born Sept. 8, 1830.

The Sisseton, S. D., local saloon,
which is owned by the municipality,
announced a yearly profit of \$10,-
000.

Governor Glynn's measure intended
to establish agencies for caring for
the unemployed was defeated in the
New York assembly, 67 to 63.

Judge Gray of Delaware will retire
from the federal bench, according to
a statement made by Senator Sauls-
bury.

Suicide From a Steamer

Fear of insanity caused J. D.
Humphrey, a traveling salesman of
Boston, to end his life by jumping into
the sea as the steamer Governor
Dingley was on its way to Portland,
Me.

Lady Smith Hero Weds

The latest example of an elderly
bridegroom is Admiral Sir Percy
Scott, of Lady Smith fame, who was
married at London to Mrs. Weiman,
many years his junior.

Salt Cellar Valued at \$23,000

A record price of \$23,000 was paid
at London for a silver salt cellar from
the collection of Lord Ashburnham.
It is believed to be the earliest salt
cellar in existence.

DEMOCRATS FOR LOCAL OPTION

Favor Home Rule on Liquor
Question in Maine

PROHIBITION IMPRACTICABLE

State Constitution Declared a Bar to
Progressive and Reformatory Legis-
lation and Should Be Revised—
Adoption of Platform Upon Which
Candidate For Governor Will Stand

A non-partisan convention to revise
the state constitution was favored in
the platform adopted by the Maine
Democratic state convention held at
Portland. The platform advocated
the repeal of the prohibitory amend-
ment and the resubmission of the mat-
ter to the voters "in order that the
city or town may be substituted for
the state as the basis of laws designed
to control or abolish the liquor traf-
fic."

"The state constitution as it stands,
in some important particulars, is a
bar to much-needed progressive and
reformatory legislation," the platform
declares. "To revise it properly,
through the medium of the legislature,
is an impracticable method of per-
forming it."

"We favor the calling of a conven-
tion, the members of which shall be
elected without party designation, to
undertake a revision of the constitu-
tion, the work of said revision to be
submitted to popular vote at an elec-
tion held for that purpose alone, at
which election amendment of the re-
vised constitution may be voted upon
separately and accepted or rejected by
the people."

"The Democratic party," the plat-
form continues, "absolutely believes
in temperance, in law and order and
in enforcement of law. It believes in
prohibition wherever prohibition is
practicable."

In urging resubmission of the ques-
tion to the people the resolutions as-
sert "that statewide prohibition has
proved impracticable."

Approval of the national adminis-
tration was expressed. A constitu-
tional amendment permitting towns
and cities home rule in taxation was
favored. Other planks urged a work-
man's compensation act, a fifty-four-
hour law for women, and children in
industrial plants; a reformatory for
women; and "such legislation as will
expedite the administration of jus-
tice in our courts."

The adoption of the platform upon
which the candidate for governor to
be chosen at the June primaries will
stand, was the most important busi-
ness transacted by the delegates.

Progressive Name Ticket

A strong stand for prohibition was
taken by the Progressive party in the
state of Maine at its first state con-
vention, held for the purpose of
nominating candidates. It advocated
the submission of the question of na-
tional prohibition to the people of
every state in the union and pledged
itself to a strict state-wide enforce-
ment of the prohibitory liquor law.

Halbert P. Gardner of Patten,
member of the Progressive national
committee, was unanimously nomi-
nated for governor, and Morton T.
Goodrich of Bingham for state audi-
tor. These are the only two elective
state officers.

TEN-HOUR LAW IS VALID

Massachusetts Statute Is Affirmed by
the Supreme Court

Declaring valid the Massachusetts
law, passed in 1863, prohibiting
employment of women and chil-
dren in manufacturing and mechan-
ical establishments more than ten
hours a day, or fifty-eight hours a
week, the United States supreme
court affirmed conviction of Richard
O. Riley, superintendent of the Davol
cotton mill at New Bedford, for its
violation.

Riley was convicted of violating the
law by starting machinery in the Da-
vol thread mill five minutes before
the regular time at luncheon. He
contended that the labor law violated
the fourteenth constitutional amend-
ment. He was fined \$50.

TWINS KILLED BY GIN

Four-Year-Olds Played "Doctor"

While their mother was sick
playing "doctor" while their mother
was ill, the 4-year-old twins of Mr.
and Mrs. Bernard McCallih died at
Franklin, Mass., from drinking the
contents of a bottle of gin. Joseph
died first and the death of the other,
Margaret, followed.

Mrs. McCallih was confined to her
bed with a baby born three weeks
ago, and the children obtained the
bottle in the absence of an attendant.
McCallih is a railroad section fore-
man.

Despondent because of a long illness
with heart disease, Austin B. Dow,
70, committed suicide by cutting his
throat at the state Masonic home at
Charlton, Mass.

Thomas J. Costello was recom-
mended to President Wilson for ap-
pointment as postmaster at Spring-
field, Mass.

George P. Longley, Republican,
was elected mayor of Oldtown, Me.
The Boston board of health reports
116 cases of scarletina for the past
week.

Ira N. Goddard, who was elected
town clerk of Milbury, Mass., for his
sixty-second term at the annual town
meeting a few days ago, died after
an illness of two days with pneu-
monia, aged 81.

Cambridge, Mass., Inaugurated

clean-up week when the city workers,
with the co-operation of everybody in
Cambridge, proceeded to make the
city spotless.

GREAT TRIUMPH FOR BAY STATE WOMEN

House Passes Suffrage Amend-
ment by Large Majority

By a rollcall vote of 168 to 29 the
woman's suffrage amendment passed
the Massachusetts house amid loud
applause from hundreds of women.

The measure now goes to Governor
Walsh. This is the first time in
twenty years that it has passed the
Massachusetts legislature. The de-
bate lasted four hours.

The measure must now go to next
year's legislature, and if passed, goes
to the people in the form of a refer-
endum.

SUE FOR BACK PAY

Fall River School Dispute Is Taken
Into Court by Teachers

In an effort to recover two weeks'
pay, twenty Fall River, Mass.,
school teachers brought action in the
superior court against the city of Fall
River and the ad damnum is placed
at \$2000.

The teachers claim that compensa-
tion is due them for serving the city
at a time when the school board and
the mayor were at loggerheads over
school funds. The mayor claimed
that, as there were no funds avail-
able at the time for paying salaries,
the schools should have been closed,
but because of a controversy as to
whether the mayor or the school
board should order the closing they
remained open.

HAD MANY VICTIMS

"De Luxe" Edition Book Agents Are
Given Stiff Sentences to Prison

Stiff sentences were administered
at Boston to Samuel Rosenfield,
Ulen Warner and James T. Clarke,
members of the band of "de luxe"
edition book agents who trimmed New
Englanders out of more than \$100,-
000, after the jury had found them
guilty of larceny from customers.

Rosenfield was sentenced to serve
from six to eight years in state pris-
on, Warner was given from three to
five years in state prison and Clarke
got two years in the house of correc-
tion. Pleas for mercy were made to
Judge Chase of the Suffolk superior
court before he imposed sentence.

LABOR OF YEARS IS LOST

Scientific Specimens and Notes Wiped
Out by Wellesley Fire

Some lamentable features of the fire
that consumed Wellesley College hall
became known when it was an-
nounced that the fruits of years of
special research work for the advance-
ment of science, which had attracted
international attention, had been ut-
terly destroyed.

All notes, specimens and apparatus
used in original investigation in the
field of eugenics, zoology, histology
and embryology were lost, and col-
lege officials say that it is improbable
that some of the experiments can ever
be repeated.

GALLIVAN AN EASY WINNER

Boston Democrats Name Him For
Vacant Seat in Congress

James A. Gallivan swept all before
him in the fight at Boston for the
Democratic nomination to succeed
Mayor Curley in congress from the
Twelfth district.

Frank J. Brer is the Republican
nominee and James H. Connolly the
Progressive, there being no contest
for these nominations. The three men
will fight it out on April 7, when the
election will be held. The district is
ordinarily Democratic.

NEW ENGLAND GLEANINGS

Nineteen-year-old Alice O. Crowe
of Boston committed suicide by drink-
ing poison.

John Maderlos, 19, was killed by
an electric car while running across
the tracks in North Tiverton, R. I.

Alfred Farlow, for thirteen years
manager of the committee on publi-
cation of the Christian Science or-
ganization at Boston, has resigned
from this position.

"It will not be many years before it
will be possible to talk across the At-
lantic ocean by means of the wireless
telephone," declared Professor Elton
Thompson in speaking before mem-
bers of the Boston Commercial club.

While crossing the tracks of the
New Haven railroad at Boston, Jo-
seph J. Hennessy, 19, was killed by
a train.

BENTON STABBED TO DEATH

Not Killed by Firing Squad, as First
Reported by Villa

William S. Benton, the English
subject killed in Mexico by General
Villa's order, was stabbed to death
and not shot, according to an official
report made to British Ambassador
Spring-Rice by British Consul Perce-
val, who investigated the case.

Ambassador Spring-Rice announced
that no other details of the killing
would be made public until after the
report had been received at the for-
eign office in London.

The report establishes that Benton's
death was not caused by shooting, as
was first said by Villa, who alleged
that Benton had been executed by a
firing squad after court martial.

Cannibals Eat Their Teachers
Natives in the north of Malakula Is-
land, of the New Hebrides group,
have murdered and eaten six native
teachers from the Walls Island mis-
sion station.

Greek Prince Jilted

A Barcelona dispatch says Prince
Elizabeth of Romania has jilted
Prince George, to whom she was be-
trothed shortly after the Balkan war.

Small Depositors Are Welcome

At all times at this Institution. Don't be afraid be-
cause you haven't a large amount to deposit that you
will not be accorded courteous treatment; for we take
SPECIAL INTEREST in the small depositor and fully
realize that he soon becomes a large depositor.

It is the aim of the Officers of this Institution to
render all clients, regardless of the size of their ac-
counts, the same impartial, efficient service.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY,

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

Chafing Dishes

With an ALCOHOL LAMP With ELECTRICITY

you must fill the lamp, adjust the
wick, strike a match, and be very
careful not to spill alcohol on the
table top.

you insert the plug and turn the
switch.
When this is done you can devote
all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the
General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

Why not see US about it?

If you are contemplating any work along publicity lines—
Catalogs, Pamphlets, Booklets,
Circular Work

we are prepared to do it for you and do it well. We have a
complete and up-to-date Printing Office. This plant is in charge
of expert and experienced men—men who are instructed un-
der no circumstances to produce anything but the best work
possible. We work in all processes in which ink and paper are
combined. We write and edit copy—We can serve you and
and serve you well.

Why not see US about it?
We can do any work that can be done in any
Printing Office in the United States.

Mercury Publishing Company.

182 THAMES STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

Father—Jane, are that young man's
intentions serious? Daughter—I think
so, pa. He says our marriage shed could
be easily transformed into a garage,
and the attic would make a dandy bil-
liard room and bowling alley.—Houston
Post.

BABY HAD ECZEMA IN WORST FORM

Started With Rash on Face. Would
Dry Up and Form Scabs. Watery
Substance. Cuticura Soap and
Ointment Cured. They Also Cured
Other Two Children of Eruption.

72 Allison St., Newton, Mass.—"I have
six children and used Cuticura Soap and
Ointment on three of them. One girl ten
years old had eczema on her
head. I used a box of Cuti-
cura Ointment and it healed
very quickly.

"Now within the last year
my little boy, two years old,
broke out with a mass of
sores on the chin that would
not heal, so I sent for Cuti-
cura Soap and Ointment and
it healed in less than a week.

"The oldest boy broke out with eczema
in the worst form, starting with a rash
on the face when about two months old. Then
sores commenced behind the ears, then the
rash broke into sores all over his face. Dur-
ing the day it would dry up and form scabs,
later in the day a watery substance would
come out and commence itching. During
the night he would scratch and in the morn-
ing his face would be all raw. His hands,
nipples and pillow were covered with
blood. I had to make him out of bed and
put on his hands and put a band on his
head. I then started using Cuticura thim-
selves. From then on the face started to heal
and I kept at it until he was cured."

(Signed) Mrs. C. Newton, Feb. 16, 1913.
Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold
everywhere. Liberal samples
sent mailed free, with 25c. Skin Book. Ad-
dress: "Cuticura," Dept. T, Boston.

For more information, write to
Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS.

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT,
GEORGE H. WELLINGTON, Secy.

Commencing June 1st, the office
of the State Board of Public Roads
Automobile Department, State
House, Providence, R. I., will be
open for business between the hours
of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays
excepted, until further notice.

New Haven R.R. Club Formed.

To Facilitate Good Fellowship And Bring About A Better Understanding.

As a step in the direction of securing greater co-operation among the different departments, officers and employees of the company have organized a club to be known as the New Haven Railroad Club.

The club is to have a meeting and dinner once a month, at which will be discussed matters of interest pertaining to railroad maintenance, operation and general administration. In this way it is hoped good feeling will be promoted and a get together spirit encouraged.

The club had its inception at a meeting held at the general offices on February 19. At this meeting committees on organization were appointed. The first regular meeting and dinner of the new club was held at the Belvidere Y. M. C. A. in New Haven on March 16, at which the reports of these committees were received and addresses made by President James H. Hustis, Vice Presidents Walter E. Buckland, General Manager Bardo, W. S. Murray, J. J. Snively, H. V. McKedy and others.

The constitution of the club declares its object to be "to promote knowledge on all matters relative to the maintenance, operation and general administration of railroads, and to encourage social relations and a common understanding between departments."

The club is an outgrowth of efforts made recently by officers and men to bring these in the various departments of the road in closer touch with one another in a social way and for mutual helpfulness. It is modeled along the lines of other organizations which have been successful in promoting better feeling and co-operation among those in the business of running a railroad.

The membership of the club is confined to officers, assistants, chief clerks, assistant chief clerks, bureau foreman of other employees of the New York, New Haven and Hartford and affiliated companies. Regular meetings of the club are to be held on the third Tuesday of each month except in June, July and August. It is planned at future meetings to have a talk or paper read by one of the members of the club to be followed by a general discussion, with occasional addresses by the higher officials of the company. The membership is not confined to the New Haven offices but takes in the road generally.

The following have been elected temporary officers of the club: President, T. M. Prentice; First Vice-President, George A. Poore; Second Vice-President, Charles W. Lord; Secretary-Treasurer, M. K. Dugan; Executive Committee, S. W. Baldwin, W. J. Cunningham, C. T. Hempstead, W. F. Hickey, H. E. Friend, F. P. Kinney, H. V. McKedy, T. F. Paradise, H. G. Robbins, J. J. Snively, and W. S. Swann.

Permanent officers will be elected at the next meeting in April.

Thirteen Mistakes in Life.

Here are what Presiding Judge Paul J. McCormick has announced as "Thirteen Mistakes of Life."

To attempt to set up your own standard of right and wrong.
To try to measure the enjoyment of others by your own.
To expect uniformity of opinions in this world.

To fail to make allowances for imperfection.

To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.

Not to yield in unimportant trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.

Not to help everybody, wherever, however and whenever we can.

To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

Not to make allowances for the weaknesses of others.

To estimate by some outside quality, when it is that within which makes the man—San Francisco Correspondent Philadelphia Ledger.

The Way To Do It.

The younger man had been complaining that he could not get his wife to mend his clothes.

"I asked her to sew a button on this vest last night and she hasn't touched it," he said. At this the older man assured the air of a patriarch.

"Never ask a woman to mend anything," he said. "You haven't been married very long and I think I can give you some very serviceable suggestions. When I want a shirt mended I take it to my wife and flourish it around a little and say, 'Where is that rag bag?'"

"What do you want of the rag bag?" asked the wife. Her suspicions are aroused at once.

"I want to throw this shirt away. It's worn out," I say with a few more flourishes.

"Let me see that shirt," my wife says then. "Now John, hand it to me at once."

"Of course I pass it over and she examines it."

"Why, it only needs"—and then she mends it.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Incidentally.

Dr. Rubentink was a qualified M. D., but, settling in a cattle country and finding the demand strong, he had made veterinary work to his other practice.

"Nothing serious," announced the doctor, after examining a valuable bull which he had been summoned post-haste to treat. "Give him one of these powders in a quart of bran mash three times a day."

The rancher heaved a sigh of relief. "Wait," he said, as the M. D. V. S. was about to leave. "I reckon, as long as you're here, you might as well have a look at the old woman. She's been ailing for a month or two."—Judge.

A Difference.

Madame Pavlova, the beautiful Russian dancer, said to a Philadelphia reporter:

"We can learn much from the dancing of animals, but why did we go, of all things, to the turkey?"

"There is something a little too vulgar in the turkey's dancing, and they who imitate it get talked about."

Madame Pavlova shrugged her slender shoulders.

"That won't do for women," she resumed. "To say 'Everybody is talking about him'—that's eulogy. But to say, 'Everybody is talking about her'—that's elegy."

The Wrong Doctor.

Down at Washington, a few days ago, they were talking about allopathy, homeopathy, osteopathy, chiropractic, etc., when Representative Starnes of Kentucky was mentioned, he said, of the experience of a man in Louisville.

One afternoon the party in question got into an altercation with a doctor's coachman, and after an interchange of compliments and a rushed into the physician's office.

"Look here, doctor," he excitedly exclaimed, "that driver of yours called me a spavined old mule."

"Well," responded the doctor, disinterestedly glancing at the man before him.

"What are you going to do about it?" shouted the peevish one.

"That's what I want to know!"

"Why, I cannot do anything. If my driver's diagnosis is right," replied the doctor. "You'll have to consult a veterinarian."—Philadelphia Telegram.

In Cradle Land.

The Lapland baby's cradle is its mother's shoe—its mother's snow-shoe. This cradle is covered with skin and stuffed with soft moss. When so disposed the Lapland mother can bring her baby to a tree by the thongs.

The Indian baby wears a nose ring and a veil, and its cradle is a basket swung from its mother's head.

But the strangest cradle of all is the New Guinea baby's. The mothers of New Guinea bury their babies in the soft white desert sand up to the waist. This keeps them out of mischief. It is the only cradle they ever know. New York Tribune.

Very Bad, Indeed!

Francis Wilson at a luncheon in Grimmer Park, was congratulated on his exquisite French pronunciation, remarks the Washington Herald.

"I've been taken in my time," said Mr. Wilson, "for a Parisian. This shows what perseverance will do. I had a hard time in the beginning to learn French. In fact, in the beginning, I was as hopeless as the clump whose French teacher said to him:

"Hereafter, Monsieur, I can only teach you by correspondence."

"Why?" the pupil asked.

"Because," said the teacher, "if we keep on this way, your pronunciation will ruin me."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Kelly was brought into the dock charged by his wife with assaulting her. Mrs. Kelly, who had given her better half in charge on the previous night, found that her heart had softened toward him in the meantime. Consequently, when she took her stand in the witness box she said she was unable to give evidence against him.

"But," protested the magistrate, "when you gave your husband in charge you stated that he had struck you in the mouth."

"Well, and it's true someone hit me in the mouth, your worship. But on thinking it over, I can't say who it was for I had my back turned to him at the time!"

"It's going to be war to the knife," declared a suburban man, who was feeding his chickens.

"What now?" asked his friend.

"Why, Blinks sent me a box of axle grease and advised me to use it on my lawn mower."

"Well!"

"Well, I sent it back to him to use it on his daughter's voice."—Lippincott's magazine.

Johnny: "Mamma, will you wash my face?"

Mamma: "Why, Johnny, can't you do that?"

Johnny: "Yes, but I'll have to wet my hands, and they don't need it!"

Lippincott's

Aviator (to young assistant, who has begun to be frightened): "Well, what do you want now?"

Assistant (whimpering): "I want the earth."

"What have you been doing at college, my son?"

You heavily drain my resources!"

And Willie replied, "Dad, I've lately begun

Some 'Social Economy' courses!"—Lippincott's

The Wise Life.

The great guiding landmarks of a wise life are indeed few and simple—to do our duty, to avoid useless sorrow, to acquiesce patiently in the inevitable.

Both Mad.

Brian was quite unaccustomed to the ways of society, but he had obtained a very good post as footman. The morning after taking up his duties



"No, tell him, not today."

ties his lordship rang for him and told him to ask her ladyship if she was "at home."

"She is, sir," said Brian. "She's just gone into the drawing room."

"Please do what I ask," said his lordship.

Brian went thudily to the drawing room. "If you please, your ladyship, his lordship wants to know if you're at home."

"No, tell him, not today."

"Bedad," said Brian, "they're both mad."

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Margaret Kidney of Newark, N. J., has celebrated her one hundredth birthday.

Dr. Beatrice M. Victor of Philadelphia is the first woman to win the degree of doctor of philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. E. F. Morgan, who was elected mayor of Brecon, Wales, has proved to be invaluable to the city because of her economic municipal work in the city.

Miss Fanny Marriage of Chelmsford has just held a sale of jams and pickles made by herself in aid of the cancer wards of the Middlesex (English) hospital and realized £98. In eleven years Miss Marriage has raised £1,000 for the hospital.

Miss Elizabeth Weaver of Los Angeles, Miss Kate P. Johnson of Indiana, Miss Elizabeth Egbert of Connecticut and Miss Catherine Sellers of Ohio, all of whom are connected with government departments, have been admitted as members of the bar in the District of Columbia.

Education Notes.

"Teach the facts about your home city in the public schools," urges the bureau of municipal research, New York city.

Having introduced medical inspection in 1872, Elmhurst, N. Y., claims to have been the first American city to adopt health supervision of school children.

The equivalent of one school year for more than 400 children is lost because of contact with minor contagious diseases, according to figures recently compiled for Pittsburgh.

The junior high school at Grand Rapids, Mich., consisting of pupils of the seventh, eighth and ninth grades, has grown in two years from a school of 430 pupils and 15 teachers to one of 851 pupils and 38 teachers. More boys and girls have stayed in school under the new plan.

Impertinent Personals.

Mr. Taft is sixty pounds lighter. Alas, too late; the race is over!—Chicago Tribune.

"Little" Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver has just married. And after years of political experience in a suffrage state at that!—New York American.

Ambassador Page has appeared in Scotch kilts, but he will not be received into full fellowship until he takes a few lessons on the bagpipe.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hair ribbons for men, it is announced, are the latest Parisian fashion. Wouldn't a pair of olive green ones look dandy on Senator Jim Ham Lewis' pink whiskers?—Topeka State Journal.

Epigrams of an Epileure.

Flavor is the soul of food, as expression is the soul of music.

The highest laws of health demand of us that we get as much pleasure out of our meals as possible.

The making of a menu requires as much taste and judgment as the arranging of a concert program.

A poor appetite is a danger signal—a thing to arouse pity and to be cured, just like a headache or a fever.

A true epicure would no more dull the edge of his appetite for future pleasures of the table by overindulgence in food or drink than a barber would think of whittling his razor with wood by his razor.—Henry T. Finck's "Food and Flavor."

Current Comment.

It seems sometimes as though the real arctic explorers never come back.

Bichloride of mercury as a sensation has given way to the poisoned needle.

Scientific experts declared it was impossible to loop the loop in air. Some time ago they declared it was impossible to throw a curved ball.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

To watch surgery of the heart and brain the doctors are now lancing the jugular vein. Where are the "ritual parties" old fashioned people talked about?—New York World.

Town Topics.

Since Indianapolis is to have a police censor at all dances public and private, joy at last will be confined in one way or another.—New York Sun.

Los Angeles has a Chinese policeman—what do you think of that? One would like to see him attempt to arrest a native son.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cincinnati and Cleveland now have but one saloon to each 500 of the inhabitants. Will St. Louis wait for a constitutional amendment or will it voluntarily provide against one?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Aviation.

The mortality among the air men of the United States army is greater than that of any other country with the exception of Italy.

A longer distance was covered every day in 1913 by air men than the combined distance of all flights in the entire year 1900.

The aeroplane designed by a Boston inventor is so arranged that an aviator can drop his motor, propeller, wheels and gasoline tank in case of an accident.

If King Alfonso is suffering from an inflammation of the ear it is not on account of the good things the Republicans have been saying about him.

In case of war the United States has a hundred skilled aviators, but let us hope the dove of peace will do all our necessary flying for many years to come.

SIREN AND SONS.

F. M. Purdom, aged sixty-four, is a student in night school in St. Louis.

Dr. S. S. Sherman of Chicago, former college president, has celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday anniversary.

General Clinton L. Higgs, one of the Philippine commissioners recently selected by President Wilson, is prominent in the Maryland militia. He is a Princeton graduate and lives in Baltimore.

Doctor Arthur Yager, who has just been installed as governor of Porto Rico, is a native of Kentucky and was educated at Georgetown college, of which he afterward became president, a position he has held for the last five years.

Lord Hendley, who is an Irish peer having a seat in the house of lords and whose conversion to Mohammedanism is announced, has been a representative peer for Ireland since 1883. He is sixty-eight years of age and was educated at Harrow. He is wealthy, owning about 10,100 acres, and has been a great traveler.

Lieutenant Colonel Matsuo Hami of the Japanese army, the newly appointed military attaché of the embassy at Washington in succession to Lieutenant Colonel Kanetsugu Iwano, is forty-five years of age and has a distinguished military record, having served with a major as aid-de-camp to Marshal Oyama through the Russo-Japanese war.

State Lines.

The highest point in Nevada is Wheeler peak, which, according to a chart published by the United States geological survey, is 13,038 feet above sea level.

Arkansas is first among the states in the production of two minerals, bauxite and novaculite, the former being the ore of aluminum and the latter the source of the larger part of the oil stones produced in the United States.

New Jersey is the only state of any importance as a mineral producer in which the utilization of the clay resources constitutes the chief industry and represents over 60 per cent of the total output of the state. The clay products of the state have included every variety of brick and tile and every variety of pottery produced in the United States, as classified by the federal survey.

Flippant Flings.

A Wisconsin professor says that hens will not lay unless they are amused. Well, doesn't the egg strike amuse them?—Cleveland Leader.

A Pennsylvania astronomer thinks the world may last 15,000,000 years longer. This is longer than any public utility has yet asked a franchise for.—Kansas City Star.

The Equal Suffrage league complains that school histories ignore woman's part in the world. Why, there's Eve and Xantippe and Lucretia Borgia and lots of others!—Washington Post.

"What shall we do for gasoline?" asks the New York Outlook. Well, stand off the butcher, the baker, the electric light maker, the doctor, the lawyer, the chief dressmaker and pay the oil trust cash.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Science Siftings.

By inventing delicate apparatus a Russian scientist proved that light waves exert a measurable mechanical pressure.

Astronomers contend that there is another system beyond Neptune, which is the most distant of all the planets in our system.

Professor Michelson has found that the rigidity of the earth is virtually that of steel and that the surface of solid earth is distorted by the action of the sun and moon about one-fourth as much as water.

Train and Track.

United States railways annually pay out \$124,113,172 in wages.

Third class railway fares in India are less than half a cent a mile.

The Canadian Pacific railway will hereafter not employ any person under sixteen years of age.

China proper has less than 0.4 mile of open railway, to every 100 square miles of territory, and estimating the population at \$27,000,000, there is 0.18 mile of line to every 10,000 inhabitants.

Silt Skirts.

Silt skirts and undared stockings do not go well together.—Macon Telegraph.

Silt skirts are no longer attracting anybody's attention, and therefore it is announced that they are going out of fashion.—New York Sun.

We do not cheer because of the announced passing of the silt skirt. We merely hold our breath in anticipation of what may take its place.—Chicago Post.

Foreign Affairs.

England is shy 500,000 babies, says Lord Rosebery. The carelessness of those English nurse girls!—New York American.

What a crushing weight of taxation would be imposed on the French if they undertook to pension their ex-premiers.—Baltimore News.

Some one has estimated that the czar of Russia is paid \$30 a minute. This may partly explain why there are so many Russian anarchists.—Detroit Free Press.

If there were not so many lawyers in the lawmaking bodies there might be more laws that somebody besides lawyers could understand.

Considering the prices charged by some of the New York hotels, they should not complain because the guests carry off the silverware.

The Speed Fiend.

With fevered haste he leaped from bed and shaved and bathed and combed his head.

And kicked the cat, dressed, ate some food.

So quickly that it was not chewed; Then flatted up a big cigar.

He hopped into his motorcar, Threw on the clutch, yelled back "Good-by!"

And took the corner turn on "high."

His face bent over the steering wheel, He did not hear or see or feel; He struck a peddler's cart and horse, But on he went without remorse.

He struck a man—the corner cop Came out and yelled at him to stop, But on he went, he did not pause; He broke the speed and traffic laws.

He reached his office door at eight, Glanced at his watch—was he too late? Nay; here he grinned and said, "At that, I made it here in twenty flat!"

Did death or fortune, then, betide That he should take the frantic ride? Against his time he sought to win And see what he "could do it in."

—Atlanta Journal.

Disproving a Proverb.

Lady Cook (Tennessee Cladlin) was talking in Pittsburgh about time's changes.

"Woman used to wear the hoop-skirt," she said, "and the wind blew it up outrageously. She now wears the slashed skirt, a much more modest affair."

"Time changes all things," ended Lady Cook. "I said to a young man the other day:

"Distance lends enchantment."

"But not," he answered, "when you are taking your girl home in a taxi-cab."—New York Tribune.

The Perfect Street.

I know a street where all is fair: In splendid lines the houses loom, And tender fragrance fills the air, As if red roses were a bloom.

No noisy riot mars the scene; Peace and perfection there abide: The steps are white, the grass is green; The lawns are glorious and wide.

It ever will be as it was— A perfect street, sublimely fair, That leads to paradise, because One day she walked beside me there.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wonderful.

"Say," calls the bright youth to the honest agriculturist who is working in his garden, "why don't you set a hen on your eggplants?"

"Ma act uzo on 'em last year," answers the agriculturist, barely looking up.

"Did she? Hatch anything?"

"Yep. Hatched out that bed of co-combs by the fence."—Puck.

The Difference.

When a man's single his money he'll jingle; He carelessly squanders his rocks; He buys lovely collars and spends many dollars On white vests and delicate socks.

When a man's married he's worried and hurried; He wants things that will not show dirt. His wife takes his money and buys for her honey A forty cent mud colored shirt.

—Pittsburgh Post.

Tactless.

"I saw you with my first husband on the street yesterday, Mr. Singleton."

"Yes, Mrs. Ottewill."

"By the way, did he say anything about me?"

"Not a word. We were just having a pleasant little chat, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

Strenuous Times.

Father's in the garden Straining all his nerves, Mother's in the kitchen Straining her preserves, Brother's straining muscles, But we can't rejoice, For sister's at the organ Straining her poor voice.

—Yonkers Statesman.

Revenge.

Girl Shopper—Why did you make that poor salesman pull down all that stuff and then not buy anything?

Second Ditto—Why, the mean fellow was in a car yesterday and never offered me his seat, though I looked right at him, so I just decided I would get even.—Boston Transcript.

An Attie Room.

Said the roomer in language emphatic: "My location, I find, is erratic. I could live in a coach, But this small

A Tale Told Out of School.

"First person I love, second person I love, third person I love," she said, drawing the head boy in the class. The next, a little girl, took it up promptly. "Plural—first person you love, second person you love, third person they love."

"And we all love," she said. The interruption came in a whisper, loud enough to be heard all over the room, causing the other boys and girls to smile and giggle, and the teacher, Miss Olive Burnett, looked up quickly, glancing along the row of large scholars on the back seat—young men and women—for this was a country school, and in the winter. She had come to look for trouble from that quarter. Every day some fresh aggravation, some new infringement of the rules and offence against the discipline made it hard work for her, a girl of 18, to maintain her authority over those 40 turbulent spirits, constantly inclined to in-ubordination by the example of their acknowledged leader, Scott Goldrick.

He sat there at the farther end of the bench, quite in the corner, a good-looking young man of 20 with curly chestnut hair and a moustache curve of the lip, with head bent now over his slate, and fingers busy in figuring out some difficult problem in arithmetic. But Miss Burnett was not deceived by the apparently studious air. There was an undertone of resolve, determination in her voice as she said, looking quietly over the 40 faces before her:

"These interruptions must come to an end at once. There is a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and I think it has been passed. From this time out, I shall enforce every rule of the school. The penalty for the next interruption of this kind will be 12 strokes of the ruler," carefully balancing the slip of cherrywood in her fingers.

The clear, bright face in the corner was lifted for a moment; the dark, hazel eyes looked steadily into Miss Burnett's blue ones; only a moment, the space of a breath; then the hand went on again steadily with that endless maze of figures, and Miss Burnett went on with her work.

Hard work it was, especially hard work today. All day long the vivid scarlet had burned in her cheeks, making her passing lovely, while her temples throbbed with pain, and one of the children, feeling her feverish touch, wondered "what made Miss Burnett's hands so hot." She must not give up though. There was too much depending on her for that. A helpless mother and two little sisters, hardly more than babies yet, all dependent, for the bread they ate, upon the over-worked young teacher. Truly, failure here would be her disaster.

But she must not fail. Would those interminable lessons never be finished? She wanted to go home and rest. Two hours of tolerable order and quiet, and the day's work was nearly ended, when in the midst of the last recitation came again that interrupting whisper, plainly heard all over the room.

For an instant Olive Burnett's heart failed her. Could she muster courage enough to ferule Scott Goldrick, the oldest and largest scholar in school—a man grown? The thought came at once that it was unmanly in him to try her so. But, right or wrong, her authority was assailed and must be maintained now, or lost altogether. To falter now, was to give up all. So, calling up all her nerve, though her head throbbed dizzily, she closed her book quietly, dismissed the class, and faced the school, as she said slowly:

"The scholar who whispered that last time will please step forward."

There was a dead silence for an instant, then Scott Goldrick left his seat and walked up to where the young teacher stood. "No boyish mischief in his manner now; no mocking deference; no shade of defiance, but, instead, a quiet manliness that was harder to meet than any bravado would have been.

"You can understand, Mr. Goldrick, that this is not a pleasant duty for me," her voice steady, but lower than usual, so low that some who were listening did not catch the words at all. "You can understand that it is not pleasant for me to do this, but my rule must be respected."

For answer he bowed and held out his hand. They were counted out faithfully—12 strokes no more, no less. Did he know how every one hurt her? Perhaps he did, for his eyes were on her face all the while, and when the last one was given he walked back to his seat, a little graver than before, but that was all. And the rest of the scholars opened their eyes in amazement. They had expected high words and open defiance at the least. This new gentleness was not fear; they knew that word fear and Scott Goldrick's name never went together. If it was voluntary submission to discipline, why, they might as well all yield, too.

Miss Burnett heard him talking to some of the older scholars outside the door after the roll was called and the school dismissed. "What!" resist a lady! You'll never see me do that. Besides, I deserved the furling for breaking the rules. I didn't mean to interrupt the last time, though. I'm going away tomorrow to my uncle's counting house in C—". Then the door closed and Miss Burnett heard no more.

Going away! She said the words over and over to herself, sitting there with her head laid down on the table before her. Going away! Why, that was worse than all. What should she do, missing the bright face in the corner, and the voice that, spite of aggravations without number, was still the pleasantest voice in the world to her? What should she do?

The great pile of copybooks there on the table were still untouched, when, half an hour later, some one opened the door and came in; some one whose step she knew too well. Scott Goldrick had come back for his books and slate. But she did not lift her head. He stood before her presently with the books on his arm and his hat in his hand.

"I am going away, Miss Burnett, to stay. Will you bid me goodbye?" Still she did not look up to speak. He persisted gently.

"Have I offended you beyond all hope of forgiveness?"

She gave him her hand at that.

"No, but—" "But you are sick, Miss Burnett!" as he saw her face plainly. "You are really sick. What can I do for you?" She tried to smile.

"It is only a headache—I have had it all day—and a touch of fever with it. Perhaps, nothing more."

"You have been sick all day, and I have been aggravating the life out of you," he said, remorsefully, in his earnestness, kneeling down on one knee beside her chair, with a half-bid, half-erased, "I have troubled you constantly, not today, not today only, but ever since you came here to teach. What a brute you must think me!"

was unmanly and cowardly to act as did. No, you must let me make full confession now," kissing the hand she laid over his mouth to stop him. "But, Miss Burnett, you are very ill," seriously alarmed now at the sight of her white face and closed eyes; for the self-control maintained by main force all day, and up to this moment, had given away suddenly, and weaker than a child she sat there, her breath coming in little short gasps!

Unused to woman's moods and "ways," he was at a loss what to do. He had an idea, though, that when a lady fainted, cold water was the thing, so he sprinkled her face from the cup standing on the table within reach of his hand, and, manlike, drew her head down upon his shoulder.

She was not altogether unconscious, for she made a weak movement to withdraw herself from his arm, but he whispered, "Trust me and lie still, will you not, till you are better?" conscious the while of an odd, pleasant thrill at his heart, as her face lay so near his own that he could have touched it with his lips.

If he had been a dozen years older, he would most likely have yielded to the temptation and kissed the roses back to her cheeks, but there was just the least bit of boyish timidity yet about him; and besides, he could not forget that he had been in part the cause of this very illness, and his heart smote him regretfully every time he looked at her. She sent him away by and by—as soon as she was able to sit up without support. She would not let him go home with her, either, though he begged her to let him do so; she would do better, by herself, she said. But seeing the troubled look in his eyes as he turned away, she relented as far as to say—

"I trust we part friends?"

He came back to her at this, saying earnestly:

"Can you be my friend, after what you have known of me for the past two months?"

"I can be—I am sincerely your friend."

"Thank you for that. Knowing it I shall not carry such a sorely troubled consciousness away with me."

Ah! He never guessed that, instead of a troubled conscience he was carrying Olive Burnett's heart away with him.

It was seven years before they looked upon each other's faces again. Such a long, long interval. Those seven years had changed Scott Goldrick into a successful business man, steadily amassing his thousands, and alive to the brilliant, courted young widow, Mrs. Logan.

She had grown heart-sick of teaching and one day in a desperate mood gave it up and married Paul Logan the rich land owner. Scott Goldrick hearing of it in the distant city where he was living, said: "Such a pity! She was one woman of a thousand and deserved a better man than that."

Well, Paul Logan was a better man than Scott Goldrick's words would seem to imply and, better still, his gold brought all comforts to the helpless mother until she died and a home and all the advantages of wealth to the little sisters. And now, with her husband two years in the grave, Mrs. Logan went freely into society again.

"Such a lovely woman," men always said, when speaking of her. And Scott Goldrick endorsed the verdict when he met her at a reception one evening and the hostess, supposing them to be unacquainted, presents him.

It was the Olive Burnett of seven years ago who smiled up to him, as she said to Mrs. Lake: "Mr. Goldrick and I are very old friends."

"You remember me, then," he said, as he led her away.

"I never forgot you," was the sweetly grave reply.

But somehow, even with this flattering beginning, they did not seem to make much progress in the renewal of their old acquaintanceship. Meeting often as they did, at party and ball receptions, at concert and theatre and opera, there was always an indefinable something, a distance between them; and it was quite at the close of winter, that, calling one morning on Mrs. Logan, to make his adieu before leaving town, Scott Goldrick lingered a moment as he bowed over her hand at parting to say, half jestingly, but yet in earnest, too:

"Do you remember the old school-house?"

"Yes, I remember it. I am going out there on purpose to see it this coming summer."

"And I, too. Who knows but what we shall meet?"

It was in the midst of the August heats that Mrs. Logan, paying a flying visit to Ryefield, procured the key of the old schoolhouse—empty now for summer vacation—and walked down alone one afternoon to look at it.

The door swung rustily upon its hinges as she entered and looked curiously about. It was not the cleanest place in the world, for a coat of dust, raised by the last sweeping, had settled over everything; but the roughcast walls looked as familiar as ever, and the glazed maps hanging there, and the unpainted wooden benches. It was in that corner Scott Goldrick used to sit—and remembering a tide of recollections rushed over her, and she sat down in the low-backed chair and laid her head down upon the pine table, just as she had done that evening, more than seven years before.

Sitting there buried in thought, she did not hear the footsteps that crossed the threshold—that paused there at the door, and then came to her, while a voice said:

"Miss Burnett, I am going away. Will you bid me goodbye?"

She looked up with a little cry—to meet a pair of clear, hazel eyes, to see before her a bright, handsome face, and heavy waves of chestnut hair.

"You are really here, Mr. Goldrick? I could almost believe that the old days had come back again."

"You used to call me Scott, then," he said significantly, coming around and kneeling on one knee beside her chair.

"You are not pale now, so I shall not sprinkle your face with water," glancing at the empty cup standing there on the table, "but I should like to have your head on my shoulder again."

She made a movement to rise, but he detained her.

"Don't be offended, Olive," he said, earnestly. "I made confession of my sins that night; let me make another confession now. I think I began to love you that evening, but I was a boy, and did not understand my own heart. I know now that I love you. Your face has always been before me as the sweetest and finest in the world. You sent me away from you then. Don't be so cruel again. I want to stay with you always, Olive. I want to be your husband, may I?"

For answer she put up her white hands, and drew his head down upon her shoulder. And the brown walls must have opened eyes of astonishment, if eyes they had, to see Scott Goldrick kissing the blushing little woman. You see when a man falls in love for the

first time at 27, he is apt to be desperately in earnest.

In the gathering gloom of twilight they locked the door of the schoolhouse behind them, and turned their steps homeward, not as teacher and pupil now, but plighted husband and wife.

Better Acquainted.

Conversing with a coterie of friends, Dr. William Oiler told of a rather embarrassing position of a well known physician.

The physician was a guest at a social affair and at dinner was placed beside an elderly lady whom he had not previously met. Almost at once the lady, who was inclined to garrulity, began to talk.

"By the way, doctor," she smilingly remarked, "ought I call you doctor or professor?"

"You may call me what you please, madam," was the physician's quick reply. "I am frank enough to admit however, that some of my friends call me an old fool."

"I see, doctor," smilingly replied the lady, "but of course they must be people who know you intimately."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Conversational.

Said Flossie to May: "Just listen while I talk to Fido. He's so intelligent!"

"Does doggie want to tum out for a walk?"

"Of course oo does; but 'oo just had a bath and 'oo might catch cold."

"Bow-wow!"

"If 'oo stays home, I'll div 'oo a piece of cake."

"Bow-wow!"

"I knew 'oo would. What kind of cake?"

"Bow-wow!"

"Sponge cake. All right, 'oo shall have sponge cake. Did you ever see such an intelligent dog, May? He understands every word I say to him."

New York World.

Pearls as Medicine.

Scotland still produces pearls, found mainly in the fresh water mussel. They could no doubt be found in England if the industry were profitable.

Cleopatra was not the only person who swallowed a dissolved pearl. Until comparatively recently pearls were used medicinally in the west and still appear in the materia medica of China.

According to one Chinese authority, a pearl, after being treated with pumice stone and honeycomb, mixed with the gall of a serpent, "might be drawn out to the length of three or four feet. Make it into pills and swallow them—henceforth food will be unnecessary."

The suggestion is not that the patient would be finished off, but that he would live, foodless, forever.—New York Sun.

Lofty Target.

A Judge in a western town had declared that he would stop the carrying of firearms on the street. Before him appeared for trial a tough youth charged with getting drunk and firing his revolver in a crowded street.

"Twenty dollars and costs," said the magistrate.

"But, Your Honor," interposed counsel for the prisoner, "my client did not hit anybody."

"Why, you admit that he fired the gun?"

"Yes, but he fired it into the air," explained the lawyer.

"Twenty dollars and costs," repeated the judge. "He might have shot an angel."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Social Position.

Social rank is recognized even in remote southern towns among the dusky race.

It was at a country dance when the fiddlers had rested their bows and taken their places on the platform that the floor manager arose with becoming dignity and announced in stentorian tones:

"Git yo' partners for a cotillion! All yo' ladies an' gemen dat wears shoes an' stockin's take yo' places in the middle ob de room. All yo' ladies an' gemen dat wears shoes an' no stockin's take yo' places inmediately behind dem. An' yo' barefooted crowd yo' jest jig it round in de corners!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

The Reason.

"Pa, why do they call it 'Dame' Fortune?"

"Because Dame is feminine. Fortune is symbolized as a woman."

"Why do they symbolize Fortune as a woman?"

"Because she's nearly always late when you have an engagement with her."

Mean Advantage.

"Ma," said the discouraged little brine, "I ain't going to school any more."

"Why, dear?" tenderly inquired his mother.

"Cause tain't no use. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing words on me all the time."

—Exchange.

A Toast.

May your clutch never slip

On the up-hill trip;

May your brake always hold going down,

May your missings be few,

And punctures, too,

And your blowouts an unknown sound.

A sharp boy in Grangetown walked into a grocer's shop

"Please sir," he said to the proprietor, "mother told me to ask you whether there is such a thing as a sugar trust?"

"Of course there is was the answer.

"Well, then, mother wants to be trusted for two pounds!"—Exchange.

A Newark man was observed the other day poking a stick here and there into the ground in his garden. When asked what he was planting, he replied:

"I'm not planting anything. My crochets and tulips are coming up and I am pushing them back."—Boston Transcript.

It may not be illegal for a Mexican to kill a U. S. postmaster, but it is against the law to burn a U. S. post office.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Sure-Enough Phenomenon.

A traveling salesman for a hardware house, whose route carries him through the south, brings back an iron-riveted definition of a phenomenon collected from a negro preacher.

The divine in question enjoys a considerable reputation in the small town in which the salesman was compelled to pass a Sabbath, so the latter turned aside from his habits to hear. In the course of his eloquent sermon the preacher employed the word phenomenon. Then he paused:

"Praps some of my hearers don't know what this yere world phenomenon means," said he. "Well, ah! I explain. Suppose you was to walk along the road this afternoon and you saw a cow eating grass. That ain't no phenomenon, brethren and sisters. Not at all. And a little further on you come to a big thistle plant a-growing. That ain't no phenomenon, neither. And then bimeby you see a little bird a-singing up in the tree. Well, I want to tell you that ain't no phenomenon."

"But suppose, brethren and sisters, you was to see a cow sitting on a thistle plant beside the road singing like a little bird—that's what we call a phenomenon."—Exchange.

Classifying Him

"Pop," said the son, who had cadged one afternoon at one of the golf clubs, "Is a man a pretty good golfer if he knocks the ball 125 yards?"

"Just a novice, my son."

"Well, if he knocks a ball 175 yards, is he pretty good?"

"Yes, pretty good, son."

"Well, pop, what if he knocks the ball 250 yards?"

"Mighty good. He's mighty good if he can do that, my boy."

"He's awful, awful good, Tommy," replied pop as he once more fastened his eye on the story of the Indians' downfall.

"Well, pop, what if he knocked the ball 325 yards—what would he be then?"

"Probably a liar, son. Now you had better go and kiss mamma and go to bed."—Indianapolis News.

Drawing the Line.

Officer—What's the matter with the soup you're turning your nose up at?

Private—It's full of sand and grit, sir. Officer—Now look here, my man, did you come to camp to grumble or to serve your country.

Private—Well, I did come to serve my country, sir, but not to eat it. —Boston Transcript.

Life's Sorrows.

We really know little, after all, of the sorrow all around us. How dull minded we must be, how lacking in imagination, since we are able to learn only by personal experience of grief and suffering something about the grief and suffering of others!

The Art of Oratory.

"I suppose you have been giving your people out home something to think about?"

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "I have been telling them funny stories to keep them from thinking."—Washington Star.

Diagnosis Cure.

"Doctor, I'm feeling awful, I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't—"

"I can cure you," said the doctor, "if you'll follow my advice. Go and ask her to marry you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Eugenics.

The self-made man was speaking. He said: "My father was a raiser of hogs. There was a large family of us." And then his voice was drowned by the applause.—From Life.

Murphy was a new cavalry recruit and was given one of the worst horses in the troop.

"Remember," said the sergeant, "no one is allowed to dismount without orders."

Murphy was no sooner in the saddle than the horse kicked and Murphy went over his head.

"Murphy," yelled the sergeant, when he discovered him lying breathless on the ground, "you dismounted!"

"I did."

"Did you have orders?"

"I did!"

"From headquarters?"

"No, sir; from headquarters."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Crusty Customer—Gimme a pound of sulphur. How much is it?

Druggist—Fifteen cents a pound. Crusty Customer—What! Hang it, man, I can get it across the street for 10 cents.

Druggist (in disgust)—Yes, and there is a place where you can get it for nothing.—Kansas City Star.

"At your age, said young Robert's father, I was compelled to wait and eat at the second table when we had company."

"Mother," the child remarked, "you have often wondered where dad got his table-manners. Now we know."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Clara: "Rose told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."

Belle: "She's a mean thing! I told her not to tell you."

Clara: "Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did." Lippincott's

Mike got a job moving some kegs of powder, and to alarm his foreman, was discovered smoking at his work.

"J-r-u-s-a-l-e-m," exclaimed the foreman.

"Do you know what happened when a man smoked at his job some years ago? There was an explosion that blew up a dozen men."

"That could not happen here," returned Mike calmly.

"Why not?"

"Cause there's only you and me," was the reply.—Everybody's Magazine.

The youth who does not look up will look down, and the spirit that does not soar is destined perhaps to grovel.—Disraeli.

Tommy—Pop, what is a free thinker? Tommy's Pop—A free thinker, my son, is any man who isn't married.—Philadelphia Record.

An Unsought Pardon.

Among the stories of that former governor of Texas familiarly known as Sam Houston is more than one amusing tale.

There was a financial agent of the penitentiary who had warmly opposed the election of Governor Houston, but was particularly anxious to retain his own pleasantly lucrative position. Consequently the new governor was soon in receipt of a petition in which the man's qualifications for the place were set forth in glowing terms by himself.

The governor sent for him and said gravely, "It appears from this petition that you have been in the penitentiary eight years."

"I have," was the reply.

"And during that time you have performed faithfully every duty that has come in your way to the best of your ability?"

"I have," answered the agent, his courage swiftly rising.

"Then, sir," said the governor, with the air of one conferring a priceless favor, "I pardon you out."

A Tall Story.

The long leggedest man we know is our friend H. Bingham Palmer. He can take steps above five feet long, in spite of which he is devoted to horse-back riding.

Recently he came into the office to chat awhile, and we noticed that he limped.

"Corn?" was asked sympathetically.

"Nape—accident," he answered as answers one who doesn't care to talk about something. That aroused our curiosity, and we couldn't help showing it, probably, for he sighted and confessed:

"I was ridin' through the park Monday, and I was just ridin' along and not thinkin' of anything in particular, and my foot slipped out of the stirrup."

"Well,"

"Well, the darn horse stepped on it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wink at Some Things.

"When you have mastered the gentle art of winking," said Lord Beaconsfield, "you hold the key to success in your hands."

Every one's personality is made up of trivial failings and trivial talents. Foster the good qualities in your friends and subordinates and wink at those failings so dear to their possessors. Not to see everything is a rule which will strengthen friendships and help you to get the best results from your fellow workers.

Right Living.

It is well to have visions of a

